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CROQUET, AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

CROQUET, AND A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

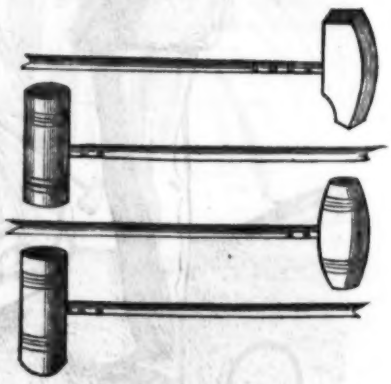
DURING the past year, the editors of BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY have received some hundred or more communications from fair readers and gallant youths, all requesting immediate information respecting the new and fascinating game of croquet (pronounced *cro-kay*), which has not long been introduced into this country from France, via. England.

We promised most of our correspondents to learn all the particulars of the game, and to state them, with certain illustrations which would go far towards making our meaning clear and comprehensive. We are now ready to redeem our pledge, and to lay before our readers all that relates to this most popular game, together with the rules for playing the same. Those who are familiar with croquet declare that it is easy, graceful, and very quickly learned, giving ladies an excellent opportunity to show a neat foot and a trim ankle, and gentlemen a good chance to cultivate patience and that attention which the fair sex demands and rightfully receives. It is not a silent, calculating game, like whist and chess. One is not required to keep a closed mouth and assume a critical frown, for the more laughter and merriment the better is the play enjoyed. As proof of this assertion, we would recall to the mind of some of our readers the scenes which they have witnessed the past summer at the fashionable resorts, on the lawns in front of country mansions, in the city parks, and in the backyards of metropolitan residences. Most of the hotels, where young people congregate during the hot months, have regular croquet grounds for the accommodation of guests, and right well have they been patronized.

CLIPS ON HOOP.

You need not fear to play croquet because it is a game. There is nothing of an immoral nature in it, unless wagers are laid, which should not be allowed. In Great Britain there is hardly a lawn fit for the purpose without a set of little wire arches, which look like human springs and toe traps for the unwary. The game is there and it is a pleasant, tapping, chattering, respectable, flirting game too. Men, women and children can play at it. Reverend dignitaries and fashionable dandies, crinoline and knickerbockers, can play it at once. It is easy to learn, and yet admits many degrees of skill. It gives fresh air and does not make you hot. It is clean. Unlike archery, it can be played on a small place. It is not dangerous—no one was ever mortally wounded at croquet, except in the heart. It is cheap. If not independent of the weather, it is not affected by the wind or sun—no one need complain of the glare of light in taking aim, or of the disturbing breeze which turns aside the arrow. It can be played by ladies and gentlemen on equal terms and with the same tackle. And it is the very chief provocative of small talk and garden gossip. There are endless recommendations for it. We do not wonder at the polite rural world playing croquet. It conceals the age of the old and displays the grace of the young. Grandpa, in whose hands a bow would look absurd, whose lumbago would interfere with the exercise of quoits or bowls, can and does often play a close game of croquet. He need not bend his back; thus it is a good pastime for those who are getting rather stiffish; and for those full of ease and grace what better? It was made for pretty feet and well-shaped boots. And yet, with all these social and coquettish recommendations, it is a game within the pale of the most strict and straight-laced society. A Quaker might play at croquet with drab balls. Papas and mamas who would not endure seeing their daughter whisked about in the waltz by the young gentlemen of their acquaintance, permit them to tread the mazes of croquet, and see their interests represented in the oscillating balls. Learn the game by all means, and let us have croquet and exercise, croquet and fresh air.

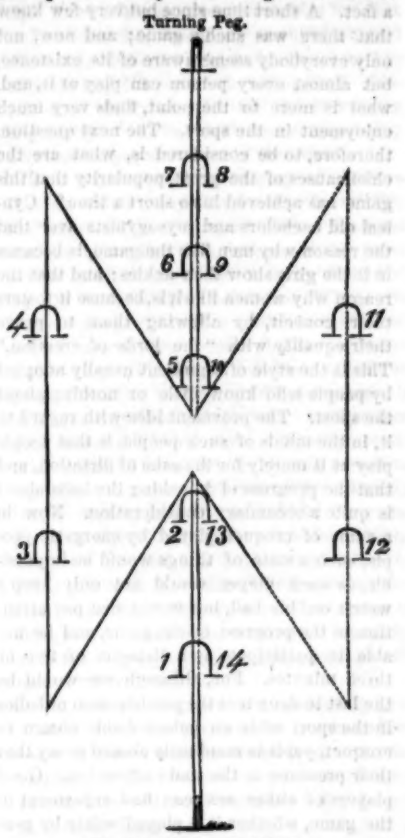
Now a few words as to the antiquity of the game. It was known in England and France in 1670, although not by the name of croquet. In the edition for that year of Blount's



THE MALLETS.

Glossographia, we are told that "pall maille is a game wherein a round bowle, is with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron (standing at either end of the alley), which he that can do at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on wins." In England this

game was played in the long alley near St. James's, and vulgarly called Pell Mell. The Mall, which at the present exists in St. James's Park, was arranged by Charles II.; but the Mall, on which now stands the street above mentioned, was used as a ground for this sport as early as the reign of James I.



PLAN FOR NINE HOOPS.

The Apple-tree Yard—St. James's Square of the present day—was then a piece of pastime ground known as Pell Mell Close, and evidently derived its name from the locality where the game was played. That the game was very popular during the reign of the Merry Monarch there can be no doubt, as the king is often described as excellent at pall mall, and evidently was a zealous player.

The Duke of York, afterwards James II., was also a good player, as, in fact, were most of the courtiers; for Pepys records in his diary for April 2d, 1661: "To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pell mell, the first time that ever I saw the sport in this country." Taking Waller the poet as an authority, many writers state that Charles II. introduced the game into his country, whereas we know it was occasionally played in the reign of James I., as we have already recorded. Prince Henry, however, played on the ground now occupied by the street, Pall Mall, which was then merely a walk made for the purpose, and lined with trees. In Charles I.'s reign, however, the game seems to have fallen into desuetude, as during the Commonwealth the alley, or avenue, had already began to be converted into a street, and therefore Charles II. was compelled to arrange the avenue in St. James's Park, now known as the Mall, for the purposes of the game, and also to appoint men to keep it in good order. Our gossip, Samuel Pepys, in his diary for 15th of May, 1663, informs us how this was managed. He writes: "I walked in the Park discoursing with the keeper of the Pell Mell, who was sweeping of it, who told me of what the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle shells powdered, and spread to keep it fast, which, however, in dry weather turns to dust and deads the ball." The Mall, too, was rolled regularly, and kept in beautiful condition with the greatest care, and was, according to a contemporary author, "of a reasonable good length, straight and even, and if one had a paille maille, it were good to play in the alley."

Authorities differ considerably with regard to the regulations of this regal pastime. In an old book of French sports, however, the following account of the game is given: "This game, which is said to have been played by the Gauls, our ancestors, was so generally played in former years, that the greater portion of the promenades adjoining many of our towns consisted of a long avenue, termed the mall, because it was set apart for the *jeu de mall*. In the game the players stood at one end of the Mall, and endeavored to strike the ball by hitting it with the mallet, through a ring which was suspended at a certain distance from them. Whoever first succeeded in doing this, won the game." It may perhaps be imag-

STARTING PEG.

ined that the dissolute gallants at Charles II.'s court were not very energetic or persevering in a game which required so much exertion as pall mall. Mr. Pepys, however, tells us that the contests were often so keen, that people sometimes stripped to their shirts.

On the demise of the king, the game died out in England almost entirely, although it continued to flourish in France, and lives there to this present day. On the death of Charles II., all traces of this pastime soon became lost in England, until about thirty years ago, when a game sprang up in Ireland, known as crokey, in which the operation of cracking the balls seemed to be the chief feature of the game, since the hoops were almost left to themselves, and the cracking was considered of most importance. The game soon found many admirers, and was encouraged by ladies, who took part in it. It is evident that in the reign of the Stuarts, whatever manly accomplishments Nell Gwynn and her companions possessed, a participation in the game of paille maille was not among them. From crokey to croquet—the latter a Gallic imitative manner of spelling the former—the transition is easy; and although the orthography of the title of the game and the French word for gingerbread is identical, it is almost certain that there is nothing synonymous in their meanings. That there are quite enough points of resemblance between the games of croquet and pall mall, to justify our opinion that the groundwork of croquet is the older game, which we have already stated is so ancient that, according to a French writer, it was played by the Gauls, is evident we believe, to all. In some particulars, of course, the games differ greatly as time has worked its innovations; but the mallets, and the shape of the balls, in name and form are identical. Indeed, the resemblance between the mallet of pall mall and the mallet of croquet, is too complete to be doubted. There are now in the British Museum a pair of mallets used in the reign of the Stuarts, which, according to Mr. John Timbs, were found in 1854, in the house of the late Mr. B. L. Vulliamy, No. 68 Pall Mall, in a box. This contained four pairs of the malles, or mallets, and one ball, such as were formerly used for playing the game of pall mall in the Mall of St. James's Park. Each malle was four feet long, and made of lance-wood; the head is slightly curved, measuring outwardly 5 1-2 inches, the inner curve being 4 1-2 inches. The diameter of the malle ends was 2 1-2 inches, each shod with a thin iron hoop. The handle, which was very elastic, was bound with white leather, to the breadth of two hands, and terminated with a collar of jagged leather. The ball was of box-wood, 2 1-2 inches in diameter.

That the game of croquet has during the last few years become very popular, is simply a fact. A short time since but very few knew that there was such a game; and now, not only everybody seems aware of its existence, but almost every person can play at it, and, what is more to the point, finds very much enjoyment in the sport. The next question, therefore, to be considered is, what are the chief causes of the great popularity that this game has achieved in so short a time? Cynical old bachelors and mysogynists aver that the reason why men like the game, is because in it the girls show their ankles; and that the reason why women like it is, because it fosters their conceit, by allowing them to prove their equality with "the lords of creation." This is the style of argument usually adopted by people who know little or nothing about the sport. The prevalent idea with regard to it, in the minds of such people, is that people play at it merely for the sake of flirtation, and that the progress of knocking the balls about is quite a secondary consideration. Now in a game of croquet, played by energetic people, such a state of things would be impossible, as each player would not only keep a watch on his ball, but would also pay attention to the progress of the game, and be unable to participate in a dialogue of two or three minutes. For, although we would be the last to deny that the participation of ladies in the sport adds an indescribable charm to croquet, yet it is manifestly absurd to say that their presence is the main attraction. Good players of either sex can find enjoyment in the game, whether it is played solely by gentlemen or solely by ladies; and most men would undoubtedly prefer playing entirely with people of their own sex, rather than have the interest of the game spoilt by a lady who knows little or nothing about the rules. The real cause of the great interest people, who know how to play, take in the game, is the pleasant excitement and sustained pleasure it produces—a feeling equally prevalent in, and equally enjoyable by either ladies or gentlemen. The fact that the game is never lost till it is won, and that as long as two players are at work the interest is sustained, as well as the fresh combinations each stroke produces, are in themselves sufficient to make

croquet popular. Besides, there is no other game in which ladies and gentlemen can so amuse themselves. Some people may mention archery; but that sport means a large field. No toxophilite can shoot on a lawn, or purchase pleasure for eight people, as at croquet, for a trifling sum. Add to this the fact that there is always the chance of a budding archer shooting somebody or himself; and remember the vast disparity between the expense and danger of the two games. One can then easily account for the increasing popularity of the one, and the corresponding decrease in popular favor of the other.

It is naturally with a feeling of pleasure that we watch the rapid-spreading knowledge and appreciation of croquet; but at the same time it is evident that at present the game seems to stand a chance of being destroyed by its innumerable devotees. When the game was re-cristened croquet, the toymaker, whose speculative genius induced him to make the game and print a short set of concise rules furnished to him, quietly introduced it as a nice out-door amusement. It therefore soon became known among the aristocratic circles, and as it was a novelty, and served as a pastime, it was at once taken up. Rapidly it then spread, until the demand for it became great enough to induce the lawmaker to manufacture croquet sets sufficiently cheap to bring it within the reach of most classes; and now rose other lawgivers whose knowledge of the game induced them to trample upon the authorized laws, and make fresh rules to suit their own convenience.

We believe that we are enabled to give correct rules for playing the game, and we hope that they will be adopted all over the country, so that we can have that uniformity so much desired, and which has not yet been obtained. Here is

THE GAME OF CROQUET.

Like all good games, croquet is easy to learn and easy to play, though excellence in it can be acquired only by practice.

The *motive* or object of the game, which may be played by two or more persons of either sex, is for each player to strike a ball with a bat or long-handled mallet, through several iron hoops or arches, set in the ground according to some regular plan—as a parallelogram, a square, octagon, etc., with a starting-place at one end, and a turning point at the other. Placing his ball on the ground at a little distance from the starting peg, the player strikes it with his mallet towards the first hoop. If he succeeds in knocking the ball through this first hoop, he goes on to the next, then to another, and so on till he fails; when the next player follows in like manner. When more than two persons play croquet, it is usual to divide into sides of partners, and the side which first "makes the round"—that is, succeeds in passing his balls through all the hoops—wins the game. Each player is provided with a mallet and a ball, both of which are colored or marked in some way to distinguish them from the rest, and determine the order in which one player follows another.

THE STRAIGHT STROKE.

It is the object of each player not only to pass his own ball through the hoops, but to prevent his opponent doing so. For this purpose, he stukes his ball against any other ball that may be between him and the hoop he aims at. If he succeed in touching a ball that lies in his way, he places his own close before the other, and strikes it away to a distance; and before the owner of the latter can pass through the arches, he has to hit it back again to a spot whence he can play at the arches. The players take it in turns to strike their balls from the starting place, or the spot where they stopped; and so long as a player can continue playing without missing a hoop, he goes on; but when he misses, the next player takes his place, as already explained.

TOOLS FOR THE GAME.

In these the secret and mystery of croquet consist. Each player, when there are more than three or four, has a croquet clip. The use of this, which is a double metal marker, joined at the top, is to show the progress of the game, and so prevent confusion. On one side of the clip there is a spot corresponding in color to the player's ball. This mark indicates the direction in which the player is going, and the clip is hung over the hoop, as shown in the engraving.

A complete croquet set consists of eight wooden balls, eight mallets, eight clips, nine

THE CROQUET.

or ten iron arches, and two pegs of wood (of course a less number can be used), which are severally stuck in the ground, at either end of the croquet ground, for the "starting peg" and the "turning peg." These pegs are about the size of a cricket stump, and are painted in rings of color corresponding to the balls. The rings indicate the order of the players.

The *balls* may be either of wood—beech is the best—or of that mixture of gutta-percha and fibre known as the "patent compound." They should be perfectly round, about ten inches in circumference, and painted red, blue, green, yellow, black, white, orange and pink. Or they may be painted in rings of red and blue, having from one ring to four, respectively. The colors or rings are to distinguish the balls which belong to the several players.

The *mallets* are of various patterns, heights, and weights, to suit the players. The handles should be from three to three feet six inches long, firmly screwed into the heads, and not set in with nails. To suit various styles of play, it is usual for one face of the mallet to be convex, and the other flat. The handles are usually painted in rings, like the balls, near the heads, and should not be too large at the grasp.

The *hoops* or arches are either nine or ten in number, and are made of strong iron wire. They may be either rounded or square at the top, according to fancy, should stand a foot out of the ground, and be about ten inches in width. Of course they may be either painted or plain; those which are galvanised, or japanned, are the best; and being white, are easy to see, even in the dusk. Croquet instruments can be obtained in Boston at reasonable rates, but we do not recommend any particular firm that deals in them.

THE GROUND.

It is frequently supposed that a regularly arranged croquet ground is an expensive affair, involving an elaborate system of turf-levelling and preparation of surface; but this is not necessarily the case, as an excellent game at croquet can be played in any tolerably level field, or on a common lawn. There are also many portions of our public parks which appear admirably suited in every way for affording facilities for the game; and there exists no reason why it should not become as popular as cricket. There are many who could join in a game at croquet who, not possessing the skill necessary for the proper handling of the bat, find themselves unable to indulge in the game of cricket. The game should be played on broad, smooth, level patches, near clumps of trees or ornamental shrubberies, so that the players may, to some extent, be protected from the heat of the sun. At picnics, excursion parties, and other festive gatherings, croquet might be advantageously introduced, thereby tending to increase the pleasure and enjoyment of the day. Proprietors of pleasure-grounds and similar places of public resort, would find the establishment of places for croquet-playing prove both popular and profitable, for it is essentially a popular game, and will become still more so, when the public mind is disabused of the idea that it is one in which the wealthy portion of the community alone can afford to indulge.

Various plans for *the arrangement of the hoops* have been suggested; but the following,

for nine hoops, will be found to make an interesting game:

The players are divided into sides, and the first starts to the left from the starting-peg, and so makes the turn of the hoops right round and back again. The hoops are set ten feet apart, but greater or lesser distances will serve, according to the space at command. After having passed through the first hoop, the player must strike the ball through the second, and so on to the end. The plain lines in the engraving show the mode of progression, the dotted ones the return line. The plan shown in the margin may also be adopted.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

A large number of terms have been suggested by various writers and players at this game, but the following are, we believe, all that need be explained:

Roquet (pronounced *rokay*) is to hit another ball with your own.

Croqueted (pronounced *crokayed*). When two balls are in contact, and the player, placing his foot on his own ball, strikes the other away to a distance, he is said to have croqueted the ball.

The *tour* is the turn given to each player. This continues till he fails to strike his ball through a hoop.

Wired is a term used when a ball is in contact with a hoop so as to prevent it going through.

To peg is to strike at either of the pegs in proper order of play.

To dismiss a ball is to croquet it to a distance.

A bridged ball is one that has run the first arch.

A dead ball is one that is in hand after having roqueted another.

The terms side-stroke, straight-stroke, following-ball, nursing, over-running a bridge, running a bridge, etc., sufficiently explain themselves.

STRIKING THE BALL.

There are several ways of striking the ball, in making the roquet, the croquet, etc. You may either place your foot on your own ball or not, as you please, in taking the croquet: and whether you desire to make a hard or a gentle stroke you can raise the mallet above the shoulder or simply bring it up high enough to fairly hit the ball. Of course, all depends on the position of your ball to the arch and to the ball of the player who precedes you. If you wish to strike him away to a distance, you must give him a good hard blow; but if you want merely to push his ball, you can use the straight stroke, as shown in the engraving. The success of the stroke depends on the manner in which you hold your mallet. In making roquet upon a ball, but little force is necessary; while for the side stroke judgment and care will be required. For the *side stroke* hold the mallet across the body; for the straight stroke perpendicular in front; while for the *splitting stroke* and the *following stroke* considerable force is required. In the one you wish to drive the opponent's ball away, and in the other you want your own ball to follow on after the ball struck. In the first case hit your ball low, and in the other high. Those who have ever played billiards or bagatelle will at once understand the reason for these directions. A low hit will slightly rebound from the point of contact; while a ball struck above its centre will have a tendency to travel in the direction in which it is struck, or in the same line as the one on which it is roqueted.

LAWS OF CROQUET.

1. Each player must start from a mallet's length from the starting peg, and strike his ball at or through the first hoop. [This is called "making the hoop." The game may be played by two or more players of either sex. It is usual, when more than two play, to divide into sides; each side being governed by a captain or leader, who generally goes on first.]

2. The players on each side take alternate strokes, according to the colors of the balls. [The colors of the balls, or the rings of color, determine the order of play. This is to be settled before commencing the game.]

3. The player proceeds till he misses a hoop, or fails to croquet another ball. [His ball then remains where it stopped.]

4. After roqueting a ball the player must croquet it. [That is, after the player has struck an opponent's ball (which is called roqueting it), he proceeds to croquet it in this way: he puts his ball close to the one he struck, so that both balls touch. He then places his foot on his own ball and strikes it with his mallet, or he may strike the ball without putting his foot on it. He may use any degree of strength he chooses in croqueting a ball, and is at liberty to send it in any direction. To make a hard stroke it is best to bear lightly with your toe on your ball; and to cause your own ball to follow the one struck, should hit high, with a kind of flowing motion of the arm.]

5. The croqueted ball must be moved, or it is no stroke. [If you want to leave the roqueted ball in the place where it stands, you must touch it lightly with your own ball, just sufficient to move it. This is called "taking the stroke off."]

6. No player can croquet or be croqueted till his ball has passed through the first hoop. [Till he has "made his hoop" he can scarcely be said to be in the game. We have known some players to make all the hoops in a round, while others fail to run the first. In this consists the judgment and skill to be acquired by practice only.]

THE ROQUET.

7. The player who misses the first hoop takes up his ball and waits till his turn comes round to play it again. [In every case it is important to run your first hoop, for when half a dozen play on each side—four a side is the best number—it is tiresome to wait, especially as the rest may get far ahead.]

8. A player may croquet any number of balls consecutively, but he must not hit the same ball twice during the same turn without first sending his ball through the hoop next in order. [This is important to remember.]

9. Instead of playing at a hoop or a ball, the players may strike the ball away to any part of the ground.

10. The player who has made the complete circuit of the hoops—from the starting peg, round the turning peg, and back again through the last hoop—may either retire from the game by hitting the starting peg, or else become a "Rover" by avoiding hitting this peg for a time. A "Rover" has the privilege of croqueting all the balls during any one of his turns for play. But of course he only takes his turn in regular order. [A "Rover" is often of great assistance to his friends in croqueting away their opponents, and so allowing the rest of his party to get on towards the winning-post.]

11. A roqueted ball is dead, and in hand till after the player of it has taken the croquet. [From this it will be seen that if the player canon from one ball to another, or from a ball to a hoop, or from a ball to either of the pegs, he gains nothing, but the displaced ball is restored to its position. Any ball that canons after it has croqueted, however, counts.]

12. The ball must be hit and not merely pushed. [That is to say, it will not be considered a stroke if you simply push your mallet forward. The stroke on the ball is considered fair if it can be heard. The mallet must be drawn back before the stroke to make the hit fairly. But it is allowable to rest the head of the mallet on the turf, and then suddenly advance it to the ball. In "following strokes" this plan is generally found advantageous.]

13. The ball must be struck with the face of the mallet, and not with the handle or the side. [In the old style of play, a push with the small end of the mallet was allowed by some players. This is now generally objected to.]

14. The player is not restricted to any attitude in striking his ball, so long as it be fairly hit. [Various positions of the ball will necessitate many positions of the body; but to play gracefully, an easy attitude is quite indispensable.]

15. Any player hitting the starting peg after he has made the round of the hoops is out of the game, no matter whether his ball hit the peg by a stroke of his own mallet, or by being croqueted by an opponent. When a player is out of the game, the rest proceed as before. [See law 10.]

16. The clip is to be placed on the hoop through which the player is next going, with the *spot* towards the starting peg on one side, and the turning peg on the other. [It is generally the place of the umpire to place and change the clip, when clips are used. Should there be no umpire, any player may arrange the clips.]

17. A ball is considered to have made its

hoop if it cannot be touched by the mallet's handle placed across the wires from side to side. [It is the business of the umpire to measure a wired ball.]

18. If a player stop at the turning peg, he loses his turn, and the stroke does not count. [Even though he may have roqueted the ball off the peg, when his turn arrives, he must start from the place at which his ball stopped.]

19. The side which first makes the round completely, wins the game. [Sometimes points are scored for the first hoop, second hoop, etc.; but this is not necessary.]

20. The decision of the umpire is final; where no umpire is appointed, the opinion of the majority of bystanders is to be taken on all points of dispute. [It is, however, more satisfactory if it can be arranged to appoint an umpire. His duties are: To see that the game is played according to the laws; to decide upon the fairness of all balls struck; to measure wired balls; to restore balls disturbed by accident, etc., to their places; to place and arrange the clips, and to decide upon the order in which the players go on at the start.]

These rules, we believe, comprise the best that were ever adopted for the game. If the ladies will but study them and abide by them, next summer will witness some interesting croquet parties, and they will be productive of health and pleasure.

THE RAVEN.

If feathered bipeds were as susceptible to the shafts of slander as unfeathered bipeds are, the raven would be the most miserable of birds. In all ages he has been set down as the prophet of evil. He is credited with having warned Alexander the Great of the approach of a mightier conqueror than himself; and Pliny declares that, unlike many seers, he actually comprehends his own auguries. In Denmark, the mere appearance of a raven in a village is looked upon as a certain sign of the death of the parish priest. The sickness that thinned the numbers of the first colonists of the Bermudas was heralded by the appearance of a multitude of ravens, "which continued amongst them till the mortality ceased, when they disappeared, to be seen no more." The Bermudans might be excused if they fell in with the general superstition. And yet it was the raven that carried comfortable tidings to the ark. Nor was it a bird of ill omen to the Swedish navigator on his compassless voyage in the northern seas. The stout-hearted Floke took three ravens with him: the first he set free soon after his departure, and it returned to Ferro; the second, like Noah's dove, found no rest for the sole of its foot, and came back to the ship; the third held its flight boldly onwards, and Floke following its course, discovered Iceland.

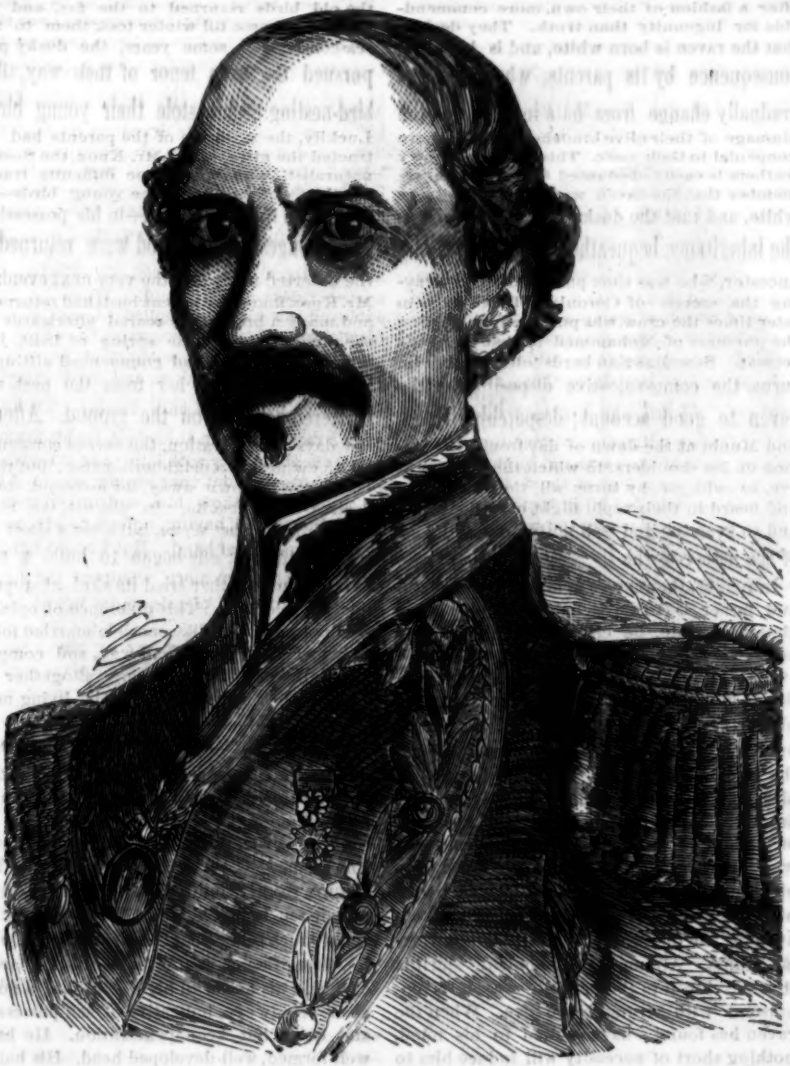
THE RAVEN.

The raven can accommodate itself to all varieties of climate. It frequents the wooded mountains and sheltered valleys of the Alpine countries of Central Europe, and is found in Egypt, India and Japan. His sepulchral voice is heard at Hudson's Bay at all times and seasons; he follows the hunter over the Rocky Mountains and along the banks of the Columbia; and takes intense interest in the salmon-fishery. The cold climate of Iceland and Greenland does not deter him from making himself comfortable; he can do that in the remotest islands of the polar seas. England, Scotland, and Ireland are all favored with his presence, but he specially affects the Orkneys and Hebrides. The people of Pabbay were once at their wits' end to get rid of the ravens, who mustered in unusual force to feast on the carcasses of some grampuses: the islanders were afraid that, the grampuses disposed of, the birds would pay their attentions to the fields of barley; but drive them away they could not. At last, one Morrison hit upon a plan. Stealing with some companions to the sleeping place of the ravens at night, he contrived to secure a few of them alive; these were quickly denuded of all their feathers except those on their wings and tail, and turned among their friends in the morning just as they were going to breakfast. The sensation created was immense, and the hubbub fearful, but it ended in the unwelcome guests departing with more haste than ceremony.

The raven possesses the power of imitating the human voice, and if not so voluble as the parrot, enunciates his sentences with tenfold the gravity of Poll. A raven's corpse was once followed by a greater crowd than ever escorted the funeral of any one of Rome's distinguished sons. This honored bird was born on the top of the Temple of Castor, but took up his abode in a shoemaker's shop opposite. Crispin took great pains in educating his black lodger, and his pains were well bestowed. Every morning the raven used to fly to the Rostra, and salute in turn Tiberius and his nephews, and having thus testified his loyalty, amused himself with exchanging greetings with the populace. For several years, the bird continued to delight the idlers of Rome, until a jealous brother of his landlord's craft killed him in a fit of anger. The mob rose as one man, drove the murderer out of the city, and then executed him. The body of the popular bird was then placed on a litter, and borne to the pile amid the laments of Rome, and his ashes deposited in a field on the right-hand side of the Appian Way. Most of our readers will remember crazy Barnaby's friend and companion, Grip, ever insisting on his diabolical origin; but few perhaps are aware that the novelist drew Grip from the life, the idiot's pet being compounded of two great originals, of which Mr. Dickens was once the happy owner. The first of these came to an early end after banqueting upon a pound or two of white paint; the second and more gifted bird is so happily drawn by its master's hand, that we must give his description entire: "The first act of this sage was to administer to the effects of his predecessor, by disinterring all the cheese and half-pence he had buried in the garden—a work of immense labor and research, to which he devoted all the energies of his mind. When he had achieved this task, he applied himself to the acquisition of stable language, in which he soon became such an adept, that he would perch outside my window, and drive imaginary horses with great skill all day. Perhaps even I never saw him at his best, for his former master sent his duty with him, 'and if I wished the bird to come out very strong, would I be so good as to show him a drunken man?' which I never did, having, unfortunately, none but sober people at hand. But I could hardly have respected him more, whatever the stimulatory influences of this sight might have been.

Once I met him, unexpectedly, about half a mile off, walking down the middle of the public street, attended by a pretty large crowd, and spontaneously exhibiting the whole of his accomplishments. His gravity under those trying circumstances I never can forget, nor the extraordinary gallantry with which, refusing to be brought home, he defended himself behind a pump until overpowered by numbers. It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have been that he took some pernicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw, which is not impossible, seeing that he newly pointed the greater part of the garden-wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing. But after some three years, he, too, was taken ill, and died before the kitchen fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of 'Cuckoo!'"

We may remark, the raven is a bold bird. Mr. Thompson tells a good story illustrative of the combination of prudence and courage in the raven's composition. It was a common practice, in a spacious yard in Belfast, to lay trains of corn to attract the sparrows, within view of a window, opened just far enough to afford room for the muzzle of a gun, neither the weapon nor its wielder being visible from without. A tame raven, kept in the yard, used to scamper away at the sight of a man taking the gun towards the house, and hide himself somewhere within view of the scene of slaughter. As soon as a shot was fired, he would dash from his shelter, seize a defunct sparrow, scurry back to his nook with his prize, and repeat the performance as long as the battue lasted. Many other instances of the like kind might be given illustrating the same traits in this bird, of apparent foresight.



PRESIDENT JUAREZ, OF MEXICO.

The Jewish rabbins, commenting on the expression of God feeding the young ravens, say that the raven is cruel towards its young, but God in pity provides them with flies; explaining the unpaternal conduct of the bird after a fashion of their own, more commendable for ingenuity than truth. They declare that the raven is born white, and is hated in consequence by its parents, whose feelings gradually change from hate into love, as the plumage of their olive branches becomes more congenial to their taste. This dislike of snowy feathers is easily accounted for, when we remember that the raven was originally silvery white, and that the dusky hue of the race is the inheritance bequeathed to it by a tattling ancestor, who was thus punished for betraying the secrets of Coronis to Phœbus, as in later times the crow was punished for guiding the pursuers of Mohammed to that prophet's retreat. Scandinavian bards tell us that Odin turns the communicative disposition of the raven to good account; despatching Hagin and Munin at the dawn of day from their station on his shoulders, to which they return at eve, to whisper by turns all they have seen and heard in their rapid flight over the earth, and so keep the god well posted in the doings of the nether-world.

In reality, the raven's conduct as husband and father is irreproachable. Once he has chosen a mate, he cleaves only to her, and unlike other birds, does not seek a new spouse every season. While the process of incubation is going on, he is most assiduous towards his partner, not only supplying all her wants, but even taking her place occasionally, when she tires of her task. Nor have the young birds any cause to complain: as long as they are unable to help themselves, there is no lack of tender care on the part of the parents; but when this brood is thought old enough to pick up a living by their own exertions, they are made to understand as much, and driven away by the old birds from their own particular haunts. Although the colonizing spirit is thus developed in the corvine race, it is coexistent with strong home love. When the raven has found a haven suited to his mind, nothing short of necessity will induce him to forsake it, and should a raven's nest become tenantless from some untimely accident, it is sure to be taken possession of by another couple. In 1843, a pair of ravens took up their residence in a clump of old beeches in Petworth Park, removing the year afterwards to an adjacent cluster of firs. Here they reared a family, taking to the open country for a short time during the summer months, seemingly for the purpose of teaching the young ones the art of flying; for as soon as they were capable of shifting for themselves, the old birds returned to the firs, and remained at home till winter took them to the sea-coast. For some years, the dusky pair pursued the even tenor of their way, till a bird-nesting urchin stole their young birds. Luckily, the agitation of the parents had attracted the attention of Mr. Knox, the Sussex naturalist, who with some difficulty traced the thief out, and found the young birds—almost dead from starvation—in his possession. The strongest of the brood were returned to the deserted nest; and the very next evening, Mr. Knox found the parent birds had returned; and many a brood they reared afterwards in the same place. In the spring of 1849, just when the female had commenced sitting, a violent storm drove her from the nest, and scattered her eggs on the ground. After a few days' consideration, the ravens constructed a new nest in a neighboring tree; but their labor was thrown away, for a second storm destroyed its results. In disgust, the birds retired from the scene, but after a short absence, returned; one began to build a new nest, while the other tried its skill at repairing the old one. This difference of opinion was awkward, but, like sensible married folks, they met each other half-way, and compromised matters by removing altogether to another park, where they may be living now.

PRESIDENT JUAREZ OF MEXICO.

On page 435 we present our readers with a striking portrait of President Juarez, whose long struggle for the independence of his country, is well known in the United States. The general is about 50 years of age, of low stature, stoutly built, but, though broad in proportion to his height, not corpulent. He is not much taller than the late Senator Douglas, though much better formed. His face is dark and his forehead high. He has a good, clear, steady eye, indicative of self-possession and quiet but keen penetration. He has a well-formed, well-developed head. His hair is the straight, coarse, thick, blue-black hair of the Pueblo. His nose is aquiline and prominent. His mouth is shaded by a heavy moustache. He looks like an active, honest soldier, one who possesses determination and loves his countrymen. He deserves to succeed, but we fear that he is destined to failure.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY EARL MARBLE.

The clear-pealing chime of the nine-o'clock bells
Has long since died away in the depths of the night,
And the silence now reigning in eloquence tells
Of the joy that will wake at the first gleam of light.

The wee stockings are hung, with precision and care, [too;
From chimney-jam, bed-post, and rocking-chair
And the light griefs of childhood have melted to air
As a vision of Santa Claus meets their dream-view.

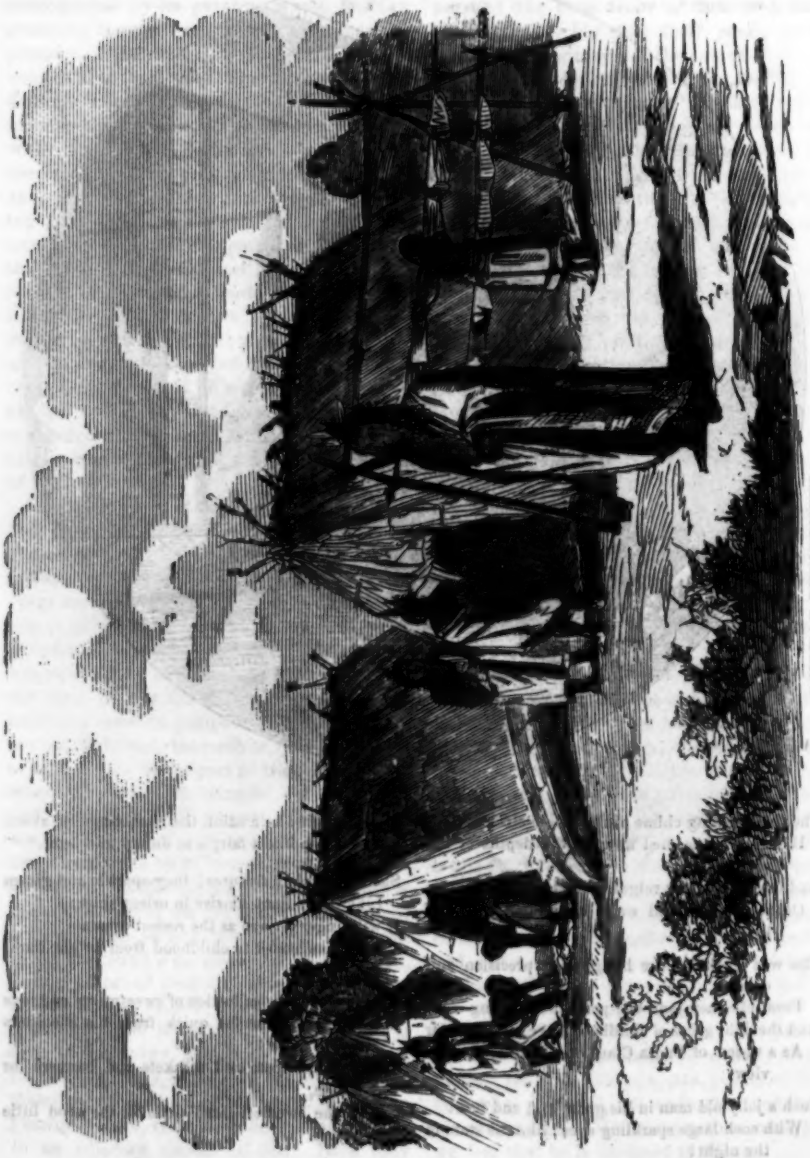
Such a jolly old man in his great-coat and furs!
With such large sparkling eyes! like the stars in the night!
With a smile like a saint, the most sanguine avers,
And a step like a fairy's as dainty and light.

Such benevolent features! they sparkle and gleam
Like the radiant sunrise in orient skies:
It will linger for aye as the rosiest dream
Ever vouchsafed to childhood from bright Paradise.

Such a wondrous collection of sweetmeats and toys
In the pack that he quick from his shoulders then hurls!
There are trumpets and muskets and banners for boys,
And the sweetest-faced dolls for the good little girls.

Ah! dream on, happy childhood. The morning's bright dawn
Will smile sweetly upon the dear longings of night.
Ere the memory of night's blissful promise has gone,
Sweet fulfilment will come with the first gleam of light.

Ah! dream on, happy childhood. May life's coming day
Be as free with its gifts as is this Christmas Morn!
May it place as few thorns in your upward-bound way,
And as few broken faiths as are now to ye born!



OJIBWAY ENCAMPMENT.

FREE AND EASY.

Many years ago, two ladies of considerable distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's near Charing Cross, in the city of London, and one of them got out. The coach stood exactly across the causeway. Some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little; the fellow was surly, and flatly refused. One of the gentlemen, then, without hesitation, opened the coach-door, and, with boots and spurs on, marched through the carriage. He was followed by his companions, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed that "if this was a thoroughfare, they had as much right to go through it as the gemmen;" and they accordingly went through.

OJIBWAY ENCAMPMENT.

The recent treaties which the United States have made with several Indian tribes, has attracted considerable attention, and it is hoped that both parties will now act in good faith. On page 438 we present a view of an encampment of the Ojibway Indians, just beyond the borders of Minnesota, on the English side. The engraving is very lifelike and naturally represents a part of an encampment at the Falls of Rainy River, where they assemble in the spring to catch and dry sturgeon, and in the early summer months to celebrate their medicine dances and other barbarous ceremonies. Their lodges are constructed of birch bark, supported by poles, as shown in the engraving. On the right a squaw is engaged in suspending strips of sturgeon to dry; and

ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL, RED RIVER.

in front is a warrior, holding in his hand a stone pipe. The lodges represented in the engraving are about forty feet long and eighteen feet broad at the base. Each will contain several families.

The Ojibways were included in the treaty, although it is said that some of their hands are yet red with the blood of Minnesotians.

CHARLES RESS SHOOTING THE INDIAN, SQUIBEE.

ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL.

St. Boniface Cathedral is the most imposing building in the settlement on the banks of the Red River and the Assiniboine. It possesses no external architectural beauty, but its interior is very prettily decorated. The twin spires of St. Boniface can be seen for a great distance from any part of the boundless level prairies by which it is surrounded. It possesses a very sweet-toned peal of bells; and no sound in Red River is so delightful to the weary voyageur or the stranger on his arrival, as the chimes of St. Boniface breaking the stillness of the morning or evening air. Before and after service on Sunday the open space in front of the main entrance is crowded with French half-breeds, dressed in their gayest attire, and wearing all the outward appearances which belong to rural happiness. The cathedral is located on British soil, and in the midst of Indians, the latter with but little love for religion; though nominally they rank among those who adhere to the Catholic faith.

CHARLES HESS.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

Among the adventurers who joined the trading companies of the Northwest, were some possessed of qualities that, in other situations, would have commanded respect and admiration. Of this number was Charles Hess. With a strength of body and mind seldom equalled, and an energy and quickness of apprehension that, with the advantages of education, would have insured him success in any profession he might have chosen, circumstances over which he had no control rendered him poor all his life. Where he originated, he never knew, but had a faint recollection of having witnessed the burning of his paternal roof, and the slaughter of his family, by the Indians. After having lived many years with different tribes, he found himself at last on the Red River, and entered the service of the Northwest Fur Company, where his talents and activity soon obtained him a clerkship. According to the custom of the traders, he married a Chippeway squaw, by whom he had several children.

In the winter of 1814, while stationed at the Lake of the Woods, an Indian, called Opawgun Mokkeetay, or the Black Pipe, took offence at him for having refused to give him as much liquor as he desired. Shortly after, Hess had occasion to go on a journey, and employed the Black Pipe as a guide. They travelled together half a day without any suspicion on the part of Hess. As they came to a ravine, the Indian proposed to stop and smoke before crossing it, and Hess cheerfully complied. "Brother," said Black Pipe, "you have always been very kind to me. The other day you refused to let me make a fool of myself. You were right. I have a fast hold on your heart."

"I am glad," replied Hess, "that you are wise at last. But we have far to go; let us push on."

"Directly," rejoined the other, examining the lock and priming of his gun. "Go on, brother; I will but tie my moccasin, and then follow."

Hess took up his gun and crossed the ravine. Just as he reached the level ground on the other side, he heard the report of the Indian's gun, and felt his side grazed by a ball. He turned, and saw that Black Pipe had taken to his heels as soon as he had fired. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he fired, and the Indian fell dead. Black Pipe, to make more sure of his victim, had loaded his rifle with two bullets. But he overshot his mark; for the balls diverged, one of them grazed his right side, and the other cut his belt in two on his left side.

Two or three evenings after his return, a cousin of Black Pipe, by the name of Squibee, entered his room with his gun in his hand, and his face painted black. He seated himself before the fire without saying a word. Hess saw that he was bent on mischief, and thought it best to temporize. He offered him a pipe, which was refused. He then set before him a wooden platter of boiled venison; but he would not take it. He spoke several times to the savage, but received no answer. Squibee sat sullen and immovable, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the blazing logs before him. At intervals his eyes turned in their sockets, though his head did not move, and he cast furtive and scowling glances around. The engages belonging to the establishment, who were much attached to their principal, looked in; but when they saw the expression of the Indian's features, they shrunk back and loaded their guns.

After a silence of half an hour, Hess determined to bring matters to an issue. "Nitchee," (friend,) said he, "what makes your heart sorrowful, and what do you seek in my house?"

"My brother, Opawgun Mokkeetay, is dead," replied the savage. "My eyes are dry, and I want something to make the tears come in them."

Hess went into his store-house and drew a glass of spirits, which he gave to the Indian. The latter held it up between his eyes and the light, and then threw it into the fire. It blazed above the chimney.

"Why did you not drink it?" said Hess.

"It is not good; it is no better than water," replied the other.

"It burned as if it was good," said Hess, still desirous to conciliate him. "I thought it was strong enough. I will get you some more." And he went out to do so.

Squibee was evidently working himself up to the pitch of resolution requisite for some desperate action. He began to examine his gun, and to look uneasily about him. At one

moment he seemed to relent. He wiped the smut from one side of his face with the corner of his blanket; but one of the Canadians happening to look in, he turned away his head. The instant the man withdrew, he scraped some soot from the chimney-back, spat upon it, and renewed the color of his visage. He had scarcely finished when Hess reappeared. "Here," said the trader, "is liquor that is as strong as fire. Drink."

The Indian doggedly put the glass to his lips, took a mouthful, and spat it out again. He threw the remainder into the fire, saying, "Neither is that good—bring more."

Hess turned to obey, and as he stooped to pass through the door, heard the report of Squibee's gun, and saw the splinters fly from the timbers over his head. Without manifesting any concern, he went out, and was asked by Menard, one of his people, "What is the matter? Are you hurt, mon bourgeois?"

"I believe not," he replied; "but I have had a narrow escape. I felt the scoundrel's bullet stir my cap." He took it off, and saw that he had indeed been near death; the ball had gone through it within an inch of his skull. Without uttering another word, he entered his store, drew a third glass of liquor, and returned with it to the room where he had left the Indian. He offered him the glass, saying, "You have been at the fort at the forks of the Assineboin River, and have seen the scales used to weigh the furs go up and down. Just so it is with your life. Shall I live? Shall I die? Dog!" he continued, his anger rising as he saw the Indian's countenance did not relax its ferocious expression, "your life is light in the balance. Look at that sun; it is the last time you shall ever look upon it. Drink that liquor; it is the last you shall ever taste."

Squibee, as ready to suffer as he had been to inflict suffering, took the glass, coolly emptied its contents, and drew his blanket over his head. Hess levelled a pistol and blew out his brains.

When the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies united, Hess with many others was thrown out of employment. He remained at Pembinaw, and maintained his family by hunting, till 1822, when he was offered a situation by the Columbian Fur Company, then just formed, which he accepted, and, with two horses and carts, started with his family and effects to go to Lac au Travers, the principal post of his future employers. He was mounted on a good horse, and expected to support his family by the buffaloes he might shoot by the way. They had accomplished about half the distance, without meeting any of the roving bands of Sioux that infested the prairies in the vicinity of the Red River, and hoped to complete the journey in like security. One day, at noon, they halted at the river Aux Ontardes, to eat dinner and give their horses time to feed. While they were eating, a drove of buffaloes came in sight, and Hess mounted his horse to pursue them. From some cause which he could not then explain, the herd took fright, and he followed a long distance before he was able to bring one down.

For two days the family had been followed by an erratic band of Dacotahs, called by the English the People of the Pole. They were the Ishmaelites of the northwest, none ever escaping from their hands without being plundered, unless too strong for them to meddle with; and few whom they plundered survived to tell the tale. They knew Hess by report, and several of them had seen him; and such was his character as a warrior, that they had not dared to attack him. They had, therefore, until now, kept out of sight; but when they saw him ride away after the buffaloes, they had sent a runner to frighten the animals, in order that he might go too far to see or hear what was to take place. In this they succeeded too well. The principal cause for their perseverance in the pursuit, was the fact that the wife of Hess was a Chippeway, to whom they were deadly enemies, and the blood of that hated race ran in the veins of his children. And, had not that been the case, the thirst for blood, and the little property in the carts—the supply of ammunition and tobacco they expected to find, and the scanty clothing and ornaments of the victims—would have been to them sufficient inducements to butcher a much larger number of human beings. When Hess returned at sunset, faint and weary, from his successful hunt, a sad sight for a husband and parent met his view. The bodies of his wife and children were naked; the scalps had been torn from their heads, and their bodies were bristling with arrows. His carts were broken in pieces, and the horses led away.

"I have seen," said Hess, "many a sight of blood and horror, but never before any thing like that. For a moment my brain turned, and the world seemed annihilated. Had the Indians then come back, they might have taken me like a child. But other feelings soon arose in my breast. My blood boiled; I felt it flowing in my veins like molten lead. My

voice became husky, and my palate parched. I was almost suffocated with rage, which was not at all allayed by the reflection that I could do nothing for vengeance. I was alone; a poor, weak, friendless old man. The murderers had at least four hours the start of me. Their trail I could see; but if I followed it, what could one, even if he were younger and stronger than I, have done? But this would not have weighed with me an instant, if my wearied horse could have carried me. Those only who have suffered such a loss, in such a manner, can have any idea of my feelings.

"When I came a little to myself, I found that my children were not all present. There lay my wife, her infant nailed to her bosom with an arrow. There was my brave boy, his face turned upward, still grasping the knife he had drawn to defend his mother and sisters, his teeth set, looking defiance, though cold and dead. Five of my children were there in one bloody pile; but my oldest daughter was gone. This did not console me, for I knew some brutal savage had saved her that she might become his wife.

"I dug their graves with the knife I wore in my belt. I had no fear that the wolves would disturb them, for the carcases of the buffaloes laid on the prairies. The work occupied me all night. I took one last embrace of her who, although her hue was dark, had been my faithful partner through twenty years of joy and sorrow. With a weak and trembling hand I laid my family in the earth, and I swore over them, by God the Father Almighty, the Omnipotent Maker of heaven and earth, that if any of those who had thus bereaved me should ever fall within my power, I would not spare them; no, not the babe unborn."

But when this first storm of passion was over, his better feelings prompted him to attempt the recovery of his daughter, rather than obey the dictates of revenge. Four days' travel carried him to Lac au Travers. On his arrival, he was kindly welcomed by Messrs. M'Kenzie, Laidlaw, and other partners of the Columbian Fur Company. Another trial awaited him. The next day he was taken ill, and was confined to his bed for several days. While he lay sick, he learned that the Indian who had made his daughter a prisoner, had taken her to wife. The partners of the Columbian Fur Company offered him any amount of merchandise that might be needed for her ransom, and it was settled that he should go and demand her at the Indian camp, as soon as his health would permit. A messenger was sent to ask on what terms she might be redeemed, and the answer was soon obtained.

As force could avail him nothing, Hess determined to go alone, and unarmed, in search of his daughter. When he arrived at the camp, another dreadful spectacle awaited him. The scalps of his family were hung upon a pole, and the savages were dancing around them in triumph. He was greeted, not with hostility, for the hospitality of the Sioux nation forbade that, but with evident exultation and insolence. Some sung the wrong they had done him. He presented himself before the husband of his daughter, and uncovering his breast, said, "I am worthy of pity. This is my only child: restore her, or strike me as you struck her mother. I am alone on earth; lo! here is a ransom."

The features of the Indian showed some feeling. "I am the only child of *my* father," he replied. "The ransom is small, but you are old, and need some one to make your clothes and moccasids, and to take care of you. Stay and eat with us, and then take your child and depart, and none shall molest you." Fearing to irritate the Indian by any sign of impatience, the heart-broken old man entered the lodge, and sat down with his daughter to a dish of boiled buffalo meat. While eating, a young savage who had assisted at the massacre of his family came in, and holding out his bow and arrows to Hess, said, "I used these once to your sorrow. Do you know the use of them?"

His anger for a moment overcame every motive for caution. He sprang to his feet, seized the weapons, and drawing the arrow to the head, replied, "stand off a little, and I will show you." For an instant, the life of the Indian was in danger. But the other interfered. "You are a fool," said he; "go away, and let the white man depart in peace."

Hess found his way back to Lac au Travers in safety; and the daughter thus redeemed, was afterwards married to an Indian trader. Hess afterwards went to Washington with Major Taliaferro, as interpreter to a deputation of Indians. Soon after his return, he died, and was buried on the banks of the St. Peter's River.

She certainly is no true woman, for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious, and holy, and honorable love; she is not a woman, who returns no love and asks no protection.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

BY P. M. HATHAWAY.

Father! in that world above,
Where thy spotless angels bow;
Smile upon their mutual love,
And record the marriage vow.

All along life's flowery way,
Where their feet shall joyous rove,
Light their souls with the full ray
Of thy wisdom, truth and love.

Not that life hath naught of care,
Not that sorrow is unknown—
Yet may they by earnest prayer
Find acceptance at thy throne.

Father! with thine own right hand,
Richest blessings on them shower,
That when far in memory's land,
They shall turn and bless this hour

When their work on earth is done,
When their spirits shall be free,
Then, as sinks life's setting sun,
Take, O take them up to thee.

AUNT BARBARA.

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

I LAID my head down on the desk and cried. The scholars had all gone home, or I would not have done it. It was something of an effort, at first, to get up much of a lachrymal shower, but I numbered over my grievances in this wise:

"I'm almost tired to death—I'm sure I've lost ten pounds since I came into this dirty old schoolhouse. And the scholars are such dunces, Solomon couldn't make them learn anything. And it's so roasting hot. And Harry Birt hasn't written to me once, and the strawberries are just ripe at Aunt Barbara's—and such cream—hoo-o-o!"

Thus I managed to get up quite a respectable briny flood, accompanied by considerable sobbing, from which I was startled by a voice.

"I thought I'd jes look reound—'xcuse me; be ye sick, Miss Lee?"

It was the school agent who looked round to see if there were any broken windows to be mended.

"I—I d-d-don't feel very well."

"Wal, neow, I hope ye haint a go'n' ter be sick. John thinks everything of the schoolmarm, and I should hate to hev the school stop, no mistake."

"I g-guess I shall feel better to-morrow."

"Look-a-here, neow, Miss Lee, I've got a bright idee,"—poetically. "What do ye say to a leetle vacation? Haying's coming on, and most on us'll want our boys to help hay, ye know."

I brightened up instantly. Aunt Barbara—strawberries and cream—sea-bathing—fishing frolics with Towser, etcetera. The vision sent my blood bounding with delight.

"I think it would be a very good plan, Mr. Dickey."

"So do I. I'll jes look reound and see what the deestrict think about it."

The "deestrict" was his kingdom. The honors of office never sat more proudly on any chief magistrate, than on the broad shoulders of this school agent.

I was only sixteen, and had never known a care, my home, since my father's death, had been with Aunt Barbara, and I had taken to teaching, from that feeling of pride and independence which all energetic girls will feel at that age, and under such circumstances. Then I had that same longing for heroic deeds—to do some good in the world—and these poor, benighted little heathen offered a wide field for missionary effort. I pictured to my mind the transformation I would produce in this unkempt, unwashed throng—and fondly fancied they would soon become just such sweet, graceful, winning creatures as we read about in Sabbath School books.

Five weeks had passed, and my utmost endeavors had only produced a broad "yes ma'am," "no ma'am—" and two or three clean faces, half a dozen letters learned, and a line of multiplication table. What wonder I was utterly discouraged, broken down, homesick? Then Harry Birt had not written to me.

Mr. Dickey obtained a favorable answer from the "deestrict," and I was soon on board the lumbering old stagecoach for Aunt Barbara's, and a vacation.

It was a cottage by the sea; but so far from any harbor, that it had all the seclusion of an inland retreat. There were high cliffs and rocks fretting the waves, and only one little reach of sandy beach between the cliffs where we used to bathe when the tide was up, and here a little fishing smack was moored—Harry Birt's.

The coach rattled up to the gate, and I ran up the garden-walk, wondering that Aunt Barbara was not at the window.

"It's haying-time, and she's milking," I thought. But no; the cows all stood at the barnyard gate, so I stepped into the entry—the door was ajar, she must be in the house—and shouted at the top of my voice:

"Aunt Barbara! Aunt Barbara!" Then the parlor door slowly opened, and a tall, elegant-looking gentleman appeared, and with a bow, said, "Miss Lee has gone to ride, will you come in and wait her return?"

"No, thank you; I'll go up stairs."

Dusty, dirty, and heated, running up the garden-walk and shouting like the whirlwind of a hoyden that I was, to meet this dignified piece of elegance in my aunt's parlor!

What was he there for? yes, that was the question.

Tired and chagrined, I entered my chamber—my own little sanctuary, with its bright paper and white curtains, with the royal climber and honeysuckle shading the windows. Here at least I could make myself as miserable as I pleased. Alas! I was born on Friday. On my dressing-table, *mine*, sacred to my cologne-bottle, my doll pin-cushion, mouse pen-wiper and Harry Birt's Valentine, there sat the shiniest of beavers, stylish, unruffled, cityfied, immovable. My dressing-table thus profaned!

Further hurried investigations revealed articles of masculine apparel in my own clothes closet. There, hanging against the wall, in grim and malicious distinctness, were a pair of—modesty forbids. My fingers crimson at the thought. I nearly fainted.

Feeling very forlorn and homeless, I went down to the kitchen, washed my face at the pump in the backyard, and wished myself back to Burnt Meadow schoolhouse. I brushed back my curls and went down the lane to watch for Aunt Barbara.

Soon I heard the measured tread of Jimp's careful feet behind the group of pines, before they came in sight. That was his go-to-market pace. Jimp had a diversity of styles in travelling.

Now he came jogging along, with long and labored paces, his head drooping, as though it was the utmost effort to draw that old-fashion carriage with its two occupants.

Here was a fresh surprise. Aunt Barbara had still another guest—a lady. How I did wish I had staid at Burnt Meadow.

When the carriage reached the gate, and Jimp stopped of his own accord, as though he had utterly exhausted his last remaining strength, the usurper came out of the house, and went to assist the ladies.

But Aunt Barbara was already on the ground—she was too used to independence. Then he took the slight figure of the stranger lady in his arms and half carried her to the house.

"Why, Jessie Lee!" exclaimed my aunt, now first spying me behind the rosebush, "where did you come from?"

"Rained down."

"There hasn't been a shower. Did the school committee advise you to leave? Never mind, you're only a child yourself, Jessie—not fit to teach school."

"I'm almost seventeen—and I am not turned out at all—only a vacation. But if I had known there wasn't room for me, I wouldn't have come!"

I was half crying.

"Allow me to put your horse in the stable," said the usurper, directly behind me. Of course he heard my gracious speech. Aunt Barbara introduced me:

"My niece, Miss Jessie Lee, Mr. Hawthorne."

The low bow he gave me, the pleasant smile, the courtly deference—such things never fail to turn the heads of foolish girls of sixteen. But I had not forgotten how I burst upon him from the stagecoach, nor the late inhospitable speech.

"There's Tom, aunt, he will unharness Jimp, and I want to ride horseback."

Anything to escape from that thorough-bred elegance.

"You will scarcely find this a spirited steed," he said, surveying the intense repose of Jimp's attitude.

Indeed he looked as though he never cared to move again. But he gave a low whinny as I spoke to him, and turned his head to look at me with his mild, loving eyes.

"Jimp knows Jessie," said Aunt Barbara, as they moved towards the house.

If I could only be like Aunt Barbara—so calm, graceful and simple. She was an old maid, in virtue of her thirty-one summers, but almost as fair as at twenty. She was not pretty; but her fresh complexion, her full rounded little figure, her plump taper hands, the brisk gracefulness of her motions, the tender gleam of her gray eyes, the satin smoothness of her brown hair, the pleasant contralto tones of her flexible voice, and the innocent unconsciousness of self in all her ways—made her a bright household picture of comfort and content. Mr. Hawthorne's eyes rested on her with the glance of an artist.

Freed from the harness, Jimp was himself again. He gave two or three harmless kicks at the empty air, shook his mane over his eyes, pawed the ground fiercely, and was ready for a canter over the hills through the sheep pasture. Tom put a blanket over him and confined it.

"If you wont have a saddle, you'll spoil yer pooty dress without a blanket, for ye allers drive him into a reeking sweat."

It was a race with Towser after the sheep. I knew it was wrong to frighten the sheep, and drive them panting from one place to another, but Jimp took a wicked delight in seeing the poor creatures run and huddle up together with fright.

He was not tired, when, long after sunset, we turned homeward, and dashed through the fields at the same breakneck gallop. We reached the garden gate. We had cleared it so many times I did not need to urge him.

Ah, Jimp! He was very careful, very bold and agile, but his shoe was loose, and that was why he stumbled as he reached the other side, and landed me several feet in advance, just as I had caught a glimpse of a pair of sad-looking brown eyes at the window.

When I came to my senses, Mr. Hawthorne was supporting me on the grass, and Aunt Barbara bathing my face. I looked up, bewildered, remembered the crowning feat of my hoydenism, remembered who had been a witness of all, sprang up from his arms, and declared I was not hurt a bit.

Tom, who had been standing by, white with terror, turned away in disgust, saying:

"If she hadn't more lives 'n a cat she'd 'a' been killed a dozen times afore now."

So I went into the house followed by Aunt Barbara, and sank down on the kitchen lounge in a fit of vexation and tears.

"Who are these people?" I asked, pettishly. "I behaved so like a little wildfire when I first came, that I went to ride to get out of his way, and see what a pretty scrape I have got into. He'll think I ought to be in the insane asylum."

"O, never mind him, dear. He's a perfect gentleman, and will soon forget all about it. You see his sister is very feeble, and the physicians advised the seashore, and Uncle Barker wrote to me if I would not take them to board. But I'm sorry I gave up your chamber. I'm afraid you are hurt."

"Not much. Only my ankle a very little."

"Come into the parlor and see Miss Hawthorne. She is the sweetest creature."

"I never want to see him again. Where's Harry?"

"O, that is what makes you so out of sorts. He went down to Halifax with his father when you first went away. He will be back before you go back to your school. Come, now, let's go into the parlor."

So soothing and supporting me, I let her lead me into the parlor, and was introduced to Miss Hawthorne, who reclined white and languid on the sofa.

The usurper drew an arm-chair for me, and inquired anxiously if I was hurt. Not the glimmer of any vulgar amusement at my mishap; every tone, and word, and gesture, spoke the gentleman *nascitur non fit*. How soon all my mortification melted before his graceful kindliness and pleasant humor.

Even Agnes, with her mild, sympathetic eyes, smiling so brightly at her brother's pleasantries, and now and then answering with some blithe retort, seemed to lose that sad fading air.

But when at her suggestion, Aunt Barbara sang, to the accompaniment of her old piano, "Passing Away," those sad brown eyes that I had seen at the window rested mournfully on Agnes Hawthorne, as if his soul were saying, with the singer:

"Like the mist that melts in the noontide ray,
Like a rosy cloud at the parting day,
The dreams of the heart are passing away."

My ankle was quite badly hurt, and I was obliged to keep very quiet for several days. They were days of golden, dreamy loveliness, such as sixteen only knows. The patient sweetness of Agnes, who seemed to enjoy my rude ways, and, more than all, that loving, tender devotion of this man to this drooping flower—the caressing ways, the low thrilling

tones of love—this more than all thrilled me with a strange witchery—a half pain that I could not be this invalid—that I too might be petted and caressed as she was.

But sixteen is very susceptible, you know. I grew nervous. The blood would flash quickly to my brow, I knew not why. But I was happy, calm, satisfied, when one evening, whilst Aunt Barbara had gone to ride with the invalid, he begged me to lean on him and come into the garden.

How quickly that hour passed! And yet he only talked of common things in a common way; of his solicitude for his sister; of her visible improvement since coming here; of the sweet quiet of the place · the house, and the matchless housekeeping of Aunt Barbara.

But I leaned on his arm; he did not treat me like a child, or a wild, untaught country girl; but like an equal. He spoke of books, and authors. It was well I had read much, and I did not fear to give my opinions freely. We lingered among the flowers till they returned.

How he loved that sister! How eagerly he sprang to meet them—before Aunt Barbara could get out of the carriage; and she put both hands into his, and he caught her in his arms. She blushed so rosily, and came to assist me, while Mr. Hawthorne carried his sister in.

But I remained in the garden, and soon he came out and sat beside me, continuing the conversation their coming had broken.

"But why do you prefer Longfellow to Cowper, Miss Jessie?" he asked.

"Only for the music, I suppose. How like a stately anthem is the Psalm of Life; and Miles Standish's Courtship, without a rhyme, is all o'erflowing with melody."

"But hear the music of Tennyson:

"'Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black-bat night has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
For I am here alone.

"'She is coming, my own, my sweet;
My heart would hear it and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

"There's the heart's music, Jessie."

What wonder my heart beat loudly in the intoxicating presence of this model of refined and cultivated manhood, repeating in low and impassioned tones, such strains of melody. A step on the gravel walk aroused me.

Harry Birt.

At any other time or place I should have been glad to see him. He was a comely and a likely lad, with strong, high ambitions, and a good fund of ready wit and right good common sense. His father was a sea-captain, of more than ordinary culture and ability. But Harry was a country-lad, and though a fine specimen of his class, his ruddy, sunburnt face, and loose home-made garments, made a painful contrast to this elegant, fashionably-attired, self-possessed New Yorker. Broadcloth, fashion, a mustache, and easy manners, are the *ne plus ultra* of masculine perfection, to simple country girls of sixteen. Weighed in this balance, Harry Birt was wanting. He stepped at the gate, and said:

"How d'you do, Jessie?"

But my restraint and the glance of Mr. Hawthorne did not tend to overcome his natural bashfulness. He blushed painfully. So did I; but I managed to introduce him to Mr. Hawthorne. I wonder if he knew, and if Harry knew himself, that at that moment I was ashamed of him. Ashamed to acknowledge him as my familiar friend. Ashamed that I had nestled close to his side in many a moonlight sail in that little boat on the beach, with my hand clasped in his. Ashamed of the truest, noblest heart that ever lived!

Aunt Barbara saw him from the window, and called to him:

"Come in, Harry. I'm glad you have come, for Jessie is having a vacation, and it's dull music, you know, when you are away."

I did not ask him to come in; he looked for it—waited for it—but I was silent. Did he know how my heart had turned to another? I do not know. I only know I grieved and pained him, for he said half-apologetically:

"Mother said you were at home; so I thought I would step over and see if you were well."

"Very well, I thank you."

And that was all. I was vexed with him for interrupting my *tete-a-tete;* I was angry with myself that I ever was familiar with him. Mr. Hawthorne was the first that spoke:

"An uncommonly fine countenance—noble, generous, and refined—Miss Jessie, is he not?"

"O, yes, one of the best of boys."

"Only the free open country can develop such noble types of manhood. There are none such in cities. Such men are capable of everything good and great."

How I wished I had been kind to him;

since Mr. Hawthorne admired him, I did not feel so much ashamed of him.

So the days went by—very golden—my ankle was quite well, and I had a vague fancy that if Mr. Hawthorne should sometime ask me to share his earthly lot, I would not say no. My eyes drooped beneath his gaze, and the color went and came when he spoke to me. At last.

"Jessie, will we go down to the cliffs? I have something to say to you."

I had seen him talking earnestly with Aunt Barbara through the half open door. She looked up shyly, and said:

"Put on your cloak, dear, and be as good as you can."

He drew my hand through his arm and retained it in his. Then he was silent, until we reached the cliff, and he had found me a seat on the rocks, then he spoke, still holding my hand.

"Many years ago, Jessie, I loved a dear little girl about your age, and she died. Some men love more earnestly than others. For twelve years I have mourned her loss, and thought my heart was dead, and ashes in her grave. But God has been good to me, and since I came here to this lovely spot, I have been led to believe that there is yet much for me to live for, and I have found that I could love again, not with the fresh, exhilarating passion of youth, perhaps, but with the solemn, true devotion of maturer years, and I have reason to believe that the woman who has found the way to my heart and warmed it into new life and joy, is willing to bless me with all the richness of her own pure and gentle life. You must have seen it, Jessie, for I have not tried to conceal what my life was so full of—so I asked you to come here that I might tell you freely that I love—your Aunt Barbara."

My brain reeled—I felt a cold, stony feeling come over me, as though I had been suddenly petrified. I think I should have fainted, but my faculties were diverted by a sight that froze all the blood in my heart. Harry Birt out on the bay; he had seen us sitting there so closely, my hand in his—it was all that Harry ever claimed—to hold my hand—he was looking at us steadfastly, as though by a strange fascination, holding the helm of his boat which was coming under a fresh breeze towards the shore.

Just as the full import of Mr. Hawthorne's love-making struck on my brain, I had seen Harry Birt looking up so wildly, and the next instant his boat had struck a hidden rock and capsized.

Then that smothered agony went forth in a long wild cry, and I sprang toward the edge of the precipice. But a strong hand thrust me back.

Harry was a brave swimmer, and near the shore, but he made no effort to save himself, and sunk heavily. When he rose again, another strong swimmer was in the flood and going to his rescue.

He was saved. He was lying on the sands pale and senseless—the picture of death.

But the cruel waves had washed away all the false pride and passion that had gathered like noxious weeds about my heart for two weeks past.

I knelt over him, all unconscious of the magical brown eyes gazing on me, crying, "Dear, dear Harry!" in agonizing fear.

"You don't think he is dead?" I pleaded to the man who had saved him, and who was shivering in his wet garments, and striving to restore animation to the unconscious form.

At last he looked up vacantly into my face, and said:

"What is the matter, Jessie?"

I was completely overcome, and for the first time I kissed him, then went off in a hysterical crying fit, while Mr. Hawthorne explained the matter to him, and assisted him to the house, where he was soon made comfortable. And for the first time I saw how tenderly and lovingly those sad brown eyes followed the flitting of my tidy little Aunt Barbara. While Harry, with his dear head on my shoulder, said:

"Do you think, Jessie, I thought it was you that Mr. Hawthorne was in love with all the time, and I didn't care if I did drown?"

"What could have put such an idea into your crazy head?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I must have been jealous."

I never knew whether Mr. Hawthorne suspected my folly or not; he was too delicate to let any treatment of his betray it, and he must have seen how very true I was to dear Harry when danger tore away the false veil that had blinded my eyes.

Harry went back with me to Burnt Meadow, and when my school was done, he came down with his father's carriage to take me home.

He wanted to go to sea as his father did, but I made such a fuss, and his father and mother didn't like to have him go, and Aunt

Barbara said that he should have the homestead farm where she had always lived, if he would live there and take care of it. So that is the way it ended.

Uncle Hawthorne was quite rich, and Aunt Barbara lives in New York. Agnes died in the early autumn, calmly and sweetly as she had lived.

Aunt Barbara graces her elegant city home with her natural loveliness, and is as great a favorite in the wealthy circles of the metropolis, as in her quiet country home. They are coming down to visit us in strawberry time, and bring the baby. His name is Harry.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

BY EMMA F. PRADT.

'Tis midnight, Hal, and the tireless clock
Is toiling the hours away
I cannot sleep, and this lone unrest
Has haunted my heart all day.
It is just six years ago, to-night,
Since they told me you were dead;
O Father, pity my aching heart—
O, my weary, throbbing head!

I can see your calm and saint-like face,
As you laid, so cold and still,
Ere they buried you in a sheltered place,
In the churchyard on the hill:
And six long years, with iron tread,
Have passed o'er my weary heart,
Since I've learned to speak of you as dead;
Though your name still makes me start.

And I can but dream of the olden time,
When we both, dear Hal, were young,
And you read to me a quaint old rhyme;
And your voice hath ever rung
All adown the changing, troubled years,
Like a sweet Eolian strain—
Alas! that the sweet life-dream is gone:
Can no note come back again?

The hours wear on: I can hear every beat
Of this restless heart of mine:
O! I wonder how many weary hours
Are 'twixt my soul and thine.
Good night! good night! it is striking one—
Still I vainly pray for rest.
O! heaven must be so lovely, Hal,
Since thou art of the blest.

The lamps are out down the silent street,
And the snow, so cold and white,
Lays like a shroud set with glittering gems,
Round the dusky earth, to-night.
I wonder if spirits of loved ones
Ever visit this earth of ours?
If so, I think you are with me, Hal,
In these lonely midnight hours.

With this glad thought, my heart grows light,
And my burden less wearisome;
This midnight blackness is flecked with light—
Are there angels in the room?
For your sweet sake, I kneel and pray
For patience to bear my lot;
Till all my life-work is finished up,
May I weary or falter not.

THE HEART'S CHOICE.

BY LENA I. GIFFORD.

The first time I met Shirley Warner was in one of those brilliant companies that so frequently assemble in large villages. My home was in the city. I had come down to Clinton to spend the season with my Aunt Cleveland. I had been there a few weeks and already formed several acquaintances, for my aunt was still young and fond of gayety, consequently her doors were continually open to guests and innumerable callers of both sexes.

Of course every village must have its "lion" and its "belle." There were many young ladies sufficiently charming to have worn the latter cognomen, but I could not see any one who was particularly lionized. I suppose the "lion" must be the one who occupies the greatest share of people's attention, receives their sympathies, and becomes the unsuspecting subject of general gossip. I was soon to learn, however, that Clinton was not without

its pretension to this essential attraction.

I had been out to ride, one day, with Cousin Philip (Phil. was Aunt Cleveland's especial pride and only heir), over the broken country roads and through delightful woods, rich with a thousand varying hues, for it was autumn, until our horses turned wearily homeward, and with loosened rein jogged on through a pleasant woodland. Suddenly taking a by-path they emerged upon a scene of picturesque and almost unparalleled beauty. Upon a gentle eminence directly in front of us stood a splendid mansion, half embosomed in the dark palm-like branches of a majestic group of cedars. I reined in my horse and gazed with admiration. The house was of gray stone, and the large balconies were supported by massive columns of the same. Trellised walks wound about blooming gardens, and dancing fountains dropped shining pebbles into silvery basins; here and there cozy arbors nestled beneath the ivy and clematis, inviting you to rest and enjoyment. I had not expected this in a country village, and turned from my mute survey with a questioning glance to my cousin.

"O, that is Shirley Hall, or more properly termed 'The Cedars.' It is the property of Shirley Warner, bequeathed to him by his maternal uncle together with his daughter. The old gentleman took a fancy to Shirley, who was the child of his only sister, and on his deathbed exacted the promise that his nephew would marry his only child, Dora Shirley, who had not yet emerged from school, and of whom Shirley Warner knew but little. However, his affection for his uncle and the unprotected state of his cousin induced him to comply with the unjust but not uncommon request. The uncle, as usual in such cases, died happy, blessing the twain, confident that his child had found a kind protector.

"Directly after Dora left boarding school Warner came down and married her; they have lived here most of the time since. He was in a good deal of a hurry about marrying, but it seemed to me that he wanted the thing off his mind. I don't think much of these deathbed matches, Kate; no good ever comes of them. Shirley didn't need the property thus obtained, for he had an abundance of his own, but the girl was on his hands, and what could he do but marry her? though according to general opinion he is sorry enough for it. She isn't a suitable companion for that man, Kate, I tell you. He is a noble fellow, and for his promise's sake will be kind to Dora."

We rode on homeward, but this brief history set me to thinking, and I imagined Shirley Warner a stern, hard-featured man, who, for mercenary motives, had taken the young orphan into a loveless life. And then I thought of her as a proud, cold woman, feeling that fate had bound her to one whom she could not love.

It was evening. Mrs. Cleveland's illuminated parlors were thronged with guests. I had grown weary with the brilliance, the music and the dance, and quietly withdrew into an alcove, through whose low window the moonlight fell in a silvery sheen. I always loved the soft moonlight; now I sat and gazed out upon the blooming gardens, the lofty trees, and away to the distant hills all bathed in its splendor, until my eyes rested upon that beautiful eminence crowned by Shirley Hall. Its turrets stood up darkly against the sky, the mellow light revealing but dimly all the rich surroundings.

Again I fell to musing, and the occupant of "The Cedars" passed and repassed critically before my mind. I was an only child. No brother or sister to love, my heart naturally yearned for some object upon which to lavish its devotion. I had been called cold and distrustful, but only so by those who did not understand me. I had suitors, but could not express an affection I did not feel, preferring rather to be called heartless, than endure the fulsome fawnings of those without my sphere. I thought of the mistress of "The Cedars," and wondered if she was like myself.

"Your pardon, miss. I did not know that I was intruding." A rich, subdued voice aroused me, and I looked up to meet a pair of sad, earnest eyes, whose owner stood just within the alcove and confronting me.

"Indeed, sir; no intrusion," I replied. "Will you be seated?"

He held a book in his hand, and I judged that he came from the library. Complying with my invitation, with gentle courtesy, he took the unoccupied seat by my side. He was a stranger to me, yet in the quick, searching glance I cast upon him, I saw gentlemanly dignity blended with familiar grace, and the eyes that met mine told me that we should be friends.

He discoursed upon the book of travels which he held, and gave his own lucid and graphic descriptions of scenes and places in the old world which he had visited. I was charmed. Seeing that he had a pleased listen-

er, he went on until some reminiscence brought us nearer home. The delightful scenery, the charming villas of other lands, were compared with our own. I glanced instinctively out toward "The Cedars." His eye followed mine, and a long-drawn sigh escaped his lips.

"Ah! Miss Fairfield," (I wondered how he knew my name), "it is not pleasant surroundings alone that bring happiness."

I thought of what Philip had said, and knew that he referred to the Warners.

"A person may have all outward blessings," he continued, "but without the soul's congenial friend, there is a vacuum in the heart which nothing else can fill."

"True," I replied, still thinking of the Warners, "but if the marriage rites do not command all this, how is it to be obtained?"

"Marriage ties must perforce bind the heart, but do they always satisfy it?" he answered, sadly.

At this juncture I heard my aunt inquiring for me, and giving my hand to the strange man who had so affected me, I withdrew from the alcove and left him alone.

"Kate"—my aunt stepped forward. "Mrs. Warner wishes an introduction. Miss Fairfield, Dora—Mrs. Warner, Kate."

I took the hand of the woman who had occupied so much of my thoughts—a soft, fair hand; a silvery voice answered my greeting, and the picture I had formed of the lady of the Hall instantly faded away. Before me stood a small, almost child-like figure, more childish from its fleecy robe, golden curls, arch, rosy mouth, and air of easy confidence. She flitted about as the gayest of the gay. I immediately denounced scandalizers in general, and felt the forthcoming lecture doomed for the unsuspecting Philip.

Evening wore on. Everywhere flitted Dora Warner like a white-winged bird, dropping piquant jests and trilling gay laughter. I could not catch her eyes to read their expression, but they seemed livid coals so intense was their brilliancy. Strange, it did not occur to me then that she was acting a false part.

Once I saw my acquaintance of the alcove standing conversing with a group of gentlemen. I had a better chance to view him. He possessed a tall, erect figure; his broad shoulders supported a proud head slightly bowed, about which clustered short, crisp curls of inky blackness; his forehead was full and wide; his mouth wore that fixed expression habitual to persons suffering some keen mental affliction; his eyes almost pained one to meet them, so hopeless seemed their mute appeal. Withal, I could but acknowledge that he was the finest looking man in the assembly.

I was interested. I confessed it to myself. My heart had never been touched before, but this stranger played upon its strings as unconcernedly as Eolus touches the wind-harp. He stood conversing with easy grace, when he directed his glance toward me. I did not shrink, for the width of the room was between us, and he could not read my expression clearly. Then he turned to where Mrs. Warner was toying with a white rose which she had worn in her bosom.

"He is comparing us," I mentally ejaculated. "Stop, sir! she is incomparable in her innocence, while beauty is not my dower."

I looked for Shirley Warner. I was sure, after I had seen his wife, that I could not recognize him by the picture I had previously drawn with the aid of Philip's sketch, so I waited for some sign from her to identify him. Once or twice during the evening I had noticed a young man of slight form, showily dressed, and with abstracted air, hover near Dora Warner for a moment at a time, sometimes to drop just a whisper; once I caught the gleam of her jewelled hand which she carelessly extended from the folds of her dress—saw him grasp it for an instant, and pass on. Was this her husband? I thought it must be. Strange, with the numerous introductions I had received, Philip should have failed to present this young man and the dignified stranger.

He came along presently.

"Philip, tell me which is the proprietor of 'The Cedars.'"

"Ah! excuse me, coz.; hasn't he been presented yet? I'll fetch him."

"No, no, Philip. I do not wish that; I would only have him pointed out."

"Well," he glanced over the brilliant throng; "he don't seem to come within the range of my vision just now; when he does, I'll speak."

"But, Mrs. Warner, Phil—Isn't she lovely?"

"Lovely? phew! Looks well enough though, I suppose. But the coquette!" and, of course, Phil. must utter an oath notwithstanding my presence. "You see," he continued, "Shirley thinks he did her a great wrong when he took her to his noble heart so young, and, by my soul, I think he did, for she never saw the day when she was worthy of that place."

"But he was pledged, you have told me, cousin."

"Yes, that's the deuce of it. Pledged to make a fool of himself. Better have let her gone, pledge and all, where she'd felt the most at home. There's that popinjay, Gustave Manter, gets double the tenderness lavished upon him that Warner does, and a downright simpleton, too!—Will you dance, Kate?"

"No! excuse me, Phil. I've had quite dancing enough, and am going into the conservatory, to think by myself."

And think I did of the man who was lionized, and I might add thoroughly victimized, by his friends—and the frail, girlish woman, who, in her innocent thoughtlessness, was breaking his brave heart.

I drew myself upon a couch directly behind a stand of luxurious plants, inhaling their rich odor, and screened from view by the shadow they threw over me. I had lain there a few minutes, when a slight rustling disturbed me, and Dora Warner glided in, coming directly to the stand and plucking a snow-white camellia. She did not observe me, and before I had time to rise she turned to meet a young man, who had followed her—the one I had particularly noticed before and supposed was her husband. He put his arm about her waist and drew her to his side, as they stood in the fickle light which the chandelier threw over that part of the room.

"God bless you, darling!" he murmured, and bowed his head to press her lips. "O, tell me, Dora," he continued, "that this night shall end our misery. Fly with me, dearest, where no eye can question, and no arm withhold you from my fervent love."

I could not move—I was like one transfixed.

"O, I cannot, Gustave," she replied. "He has ever been kind to me, and I think he loves me. This strange witchery that you have over me I cannot understand."

"It is love, dear Dora. You do not love Shirley Warner, and though you were bound to him a thousand times stronger than you are, still I would tear you from him. O, be mine to-night! Go with me, and my love shall bear you up, overcoming all scruples, and you shall be happy."

She did not reply.

"Dora, do you love me?"

"O, Gustave, I do not know; you persuade me that I do."

"There, go!" He pushed her from him. "I want no half-way love."

"Gustave! Gustave! What shall I do?" The frail woman held up her hands imploringly. "I love you with my whole heart."

The wily man folded her to his breast again, and said sternly, "Dora, go away with me this night. I will not trifle any longer."

"Not to-night! O, any other time; I am not strong enough now."

"Well, to-morrow night then. I will meet you in a close carriage at the lower gate of your grounds. Shirley will not suspect anything—"

"O, Shirley! Ought I to leave him?"

"Leave him? Yes! what is he but a hindrance to all your happiness, bound to him as you were before you knew your own heart? You have worn your chains long enough."

"But, Gustave, he did not hold me to that promise then. He gave me my freedom of choice."

"There, there! That will do. If you want to remain with him, you can; no matter anything about my heartaches—I can bear them," said he, bitterly.

"Do not speak so to me, Gustave. I am ready to go whenever you will."

"To-morrow night at half past nine, then, farewell to Shirley Hall and its unsuspecting lord."

He kissed her again and again, then put her suddenly from him as if fearful that she might retract from the engagement. He passed quickly from the room, while she followed wearily, and finally sank upon a seat near the door.

The hum of voices was heard and soon a number of the guests gathered in the room. I mingled with them, wearing as indifferent an air as I could assume. I saw Dora Warner once more just before the company dispersed. She was pale as marble, and her eyes wore an unearthly glare actually painful to witness. One hour had so changed her that I could hardly believe it to be the same person. How I pitied her! She had no sister, no brother to advise with in this dark hour of temptation; and he, who should have been, and indeed was, her best friend, she was putting far from her.

Instinctively I drew nearer, as we stood apart from observers, and pressed my arm tenderly about her waist. She raised her eyes to mine, and such an imploring look as she gave me, I shall never forget. O, I would have told her then to evade the tempter and in her husband's arms find her only security. Before I could speak, however, we were joined by others. I could only grasp her hand, and the grateful look she gave me then more than repaid me for my proffered sympathy.

The company soon left. I was glad to be alone. I sought my chamber, but not to sleep. The dreadful secret which I possessed weighed upon me like an incubus, checking every healthy and natural function. What was I to do? Should I tell Cousin Philip of the intended elopement, that he might warn Mr. Warner? I shrank from disclosing the incident to him. It might be the means of making the matter public, which I wished particularly to avoid. But Gustave Manter's plans should be frustrated—that I was determined upon. I believed that Philip was sincere and correct in his eulogiums upon the master of Shirley Hall, therefore this evil should not come upon his house. Should I go to Dora Warner as to a sister, and kindly remonstrate with her? I reflected that I was but the acquaintance of an evening, and not on visiting terms with the family. Perhaps too, I might be considered an eavesdropper, and thus create enmity where I only wished to do good. With the question still undecided I descended to the breakfast room.

"Good morning, coz!" Philip's cheery voice relieved me somewhat. I answered his salutation, and quietly sipped my coffee.

"How did you enjoy last night's entertainment, Kate?" questioned my Aunt Cleveland. "I never saw Mrs. Warner looking so weary as she did the latter part of the evening," added she. "Poor thing! she was fairly tired out."

"By the way, Kate," broke in Philip, "did you see her husband, after all? How confoundedly stupid I was. You must excuse me again, however, and we will ride up to 'The Cedars' some day and make recompense."

"Not meet with Shirley Warner last night?" echoed my aunt. "Why, he spoke with me concerning you—I can't recollect what he said, but he gave me the impression that he had conversed with you."

"Well, never mind Mr. Warner," I finally articulated, thinking of my acquaintance of the alcove—"but tell me who was that tall, noble-looking gentleman with such mournful eyes?"

Phil. stared mockingly, while Mrs. Cleveland exclaimed, "Who? why, that must be Shirley Warner, himself."

"That Shirley Warner!" I felt the hot blood rush to my forehead, then recede coldly to my heart, dropping there like a leaden weight. Philip's saucy eye was upon me, and I could not waver. "Cousin," I remarked, coolly rising from the table yet scarcely knowing what I said, "I would like to ride this morning."

"Whew!" Philip drew a suppressed whistle. "Can you go alone, Katie? The fact is, I'm engaged to-day."

"Alone? O, yes, Selim knows the way, I dare say. Had just as lief go alone, Philip, and then I can loiter as I please."

"All right, then. I'll tell Ronald to bring Selim round." And Philip, cap in hand, went to execute his mission.

I went to my room to prepare myself for the ride, and when I came to the door Selim was waiting. He was a fine coal-black charger, which Philip had appropriated to my use during my stay. He already knew me, and pawed the ground at my approach, and threw up his beautiful neck in graceful salutation. I sprang into the saddle and took the reins from Ronald's hand.

Off we cantered. I cared not which way we went, and therefore gave Selim a free rein. My thoughts were pre-occupied, and it was some time before I noticed that he had taken the road traversed a few days previously by Philip and myself. I drew him up when we came to the wood, letting him walk slowly, that I might enjoy the grateful perfume of the autumnal foliage, which seemed an elixir to my disturbed mind.

How was the revelation of last night to end? This heavy burden was upon my spirits, and as I gazed up into the over-arching trees and clear, blue sky beyond, I earnestly prayed that the shadow which hung over me might soon reveal beyond it light as ineffable as heaven's own cerulean. I had not dared to think twice of the man by whose side I sat the previous evening, listening to his words as though they were molten pearls, for now I knew that he was the husband of another. In my impulsive way my heart had suddenly gone out to him; now I closed and barred every outlet, resolved to keep it sacred and secure henceforth. But a terrible blow was to fall upon this man, and I felt that my life was of little worth if its sacrifice could avert the impending doom. With these thoughts in my mind, I was aroused by the sharp, quick report of a rifle, and instantly a sleek, milk-white hound bounded across my path.

Selim gave a fierce snort and reared, plunging headlong. Fortunately, I had great presence of mind in real danger. I drew the rein tautly, speaking gently and firmly the while, and in a few minutes he stopped, trembling like an aspen.

A step sounded near. I turned, and Shirley Warner stood beside me.

"Lady, I most sincerely beg your pardon for my inadvertent act. I was not aware of your presence, however; perhaps that will offer some excuse. But you are pale and trembling; you had better alight until you recover."

I felt most keenly what he averred; I was faint and sick, not so much from the effect of the fright, as this unexpected meeting. I suffered him to lift me from the saddle, for I had no strength to resist. He seated me upon a mossy knoll, and stood near, with Selim's bridle upon his arm.

"We seem destined to unpremeditated interviews, Miss Fairfield. You are not injured, I hope," he added anxiously, noticing my agitation, for I was greatly moved. I thought of the coming evening and the intended elopement, but I knew that I must be firm. It seemed that fate was giving me the opportunity to act.

"No sir!" I answered, calmly; "I think that I have received no injury, but Selim is powerful and a woman's arm but weak."

"That was an untimely shot, but I must say that you managed this fellow finely," stroking Selim's proud neck.

"O, he is obedient, and knows my voice. I think he would not have started but for the hound."

"Ah! Guido, come here and make amends for your rudeness."

The animal came and laid its long nose within his open palm, and looked wistfully into my face, as if offering an apology.

"Guido is very excusable, indeed," I remarked. "I'm sure he meant no harm."

My tones were sad, for I could not lift the weight from my heart. I felt that those earnest eyes were upon me. O, I longed to take his hand as I would a brother's, and tell him of my sympathy in his trouble; then I reflected that perhaps he had no suspicion of his wife's infidelity—he certainly could not know of her intended departure that night.

With these thoughts I drew forth my pencil and paper which I always carried with me, and hastily wrote these lines:

"Beware! a vulture is hovering about your fold; another morn and he will have borne away your precious lamb. Watch, and sleep not."

I asked to be replaced upon my horse, and as I took the reins slipped the note into his hand and galloped away.

The evening found Shirley Warner and his wife in their pleasant library; a cheerful fire had been kindled in the grate, for the evenings were becoming cool, as autumn's breath rustled stilly among the trees. Dora was flushed and anxious, while Shirley's outward calmness betrayed no lurking suspicion of what was passing in his mind. He was unusually reticent, and little conversation passed between them; but there was a tenderness in his manner that seemed the more to disturb her.

The evening wore on. Mrs. Warner had arisen and made two or three uneasy strides about the room, when the little French clock on the mantel-piece told the hour of nine. She then approached her husband and with much effort articulated:

"I think that I will retire." Her voice was husky and her cheeks a deep crimson.

It is not in the movements of the pen to describe what had been the sufferings of that frail woman throughout the day. Actuated alternately by respect for her husband's high character, and a blind passion for her illicit lover, she had wrought her mind almost to madness.

Mr. Warner laid aside the book which he had taken up a few minutes before, and taking both her hands in his, said:

"You are not well, my little wife. Come sit here and tell your husband your troubles," upon which he wheeled a sofa near the grate.

She hesitated with downcast eyes, but he drew her down by his side, gently encircling her waist. Her slight form quivered as she yielded for a moment to his embrace, then with a bound she left his side and stood before him, her eyes glaring with the wild passion of despair. Every nerve seemed wrought to its fullest tension. She dared not speak, for her heart was bursting. Her hands were pressed convulsively upon her breast, her brain began to whirl. She tottered, and would have fallen, but Shirley caught her in his arms and gently laid her upon the sofa. She sank with a moan; a bright red stream parted her lips, discoloring the cushions, and trickling down her snowy dress.

A violent hemorrhage had taken place. Mr. Warner raised her in his arms, and for a few moments the blood continued to flow; then she sank back senseless. He rang for assistance, and when the servant entered, said hurriedly:

"Go for the physician, John, as quickly as possible—your mistress is very ill."

As the man went, Mr. Warner called Dora's maid, who procured such restoratives as were in the house, then he sat down beside his wife alone, to await her resuscitation.

Various and conflicting were the emotions that arose in Shirley Warner's mind as he watched the faint breathing of his wife; but among them all there was not one feeling of resentment for the part she had acted, which was the undoubted cause of her present condition.

It was as Philip Cleveland had said. Mr. Warner felt that he had been to blame in his marriage with Dora Shirley. He knew that her affections could never respond to his, and anxiously watched her growing intimacy with Gustave Manter, and did what many others would under the circumstances—let fate overrule. He thought that for their promise's sake she had pronounced vows which had now become a burden to her.

This was neither wholly false nor wholly true. Dora Shirley was but a child when her father died (her mother having been dead some years), and his last request seemed to her a law which she did not for a moment shrink from fulfilling. Her young heart had never glowed with the one deep love of a lifetime; and to her innocent mind her noble cousin was as agreeable as any one with whom she could link her fate. Had she never met Gustave Manter, all would have been well; but since their acquaintance new feelings had been awakened, and scarcely dreaming of the impracticability of her course, she had yielded to his unmanly and unprincipled allurements, until she had woven about her the spell from which she knew not how to retreat, and dared not longer pursue with candor. Her husband's firmness and unchanging kindness on the very eve of the consummation of her treachery to him had driven her wild with remorse.

It was some time before she opened her eyes from the deathlike sleep into which she had fallen; but the wild expression was still there, and although her husband bent anxiously over her, she seemed hardly to recognize him. He pressed her hand which he held, and spoke gently, "Dora, dear wife?"

She shuddered and shrank from him. "Do not call me that. O, if you only knew!" A sad moan broke off the sentence.

"Dora, I do know all—how you have been sinned against more than you have sinned. I have been wrong from the very first, I believe; but God knows that I have striven for your happiness since you have been my wife."

"But I—O what have I done! How you will hate me for this!"

A violent coughing fit distressed her for a few minutes, during which he held her in his arms.

"You have done nothing, Dora, that I cannot forgive; but we must not converse longer at present, for you are dangerously ill, and must lie down and be quiet."

She laid back quietly, but there was a tempest within which she could not control, and long sighs welled up, agitating her fearfully. In vain Mr. Warner tried by caressing movements to soothe her, while he anxiously waited the arrival of the physician. She seemed so distressed he feared another hemorrhage, and the hour that thus passed seemed to him longer than weeks had heretofore.

The clock chimed ten, and there was a step heard in the hall, and Dora sprang up with the look of a maniac, and glared fiercely upon the door leading thereto. Shirley would have reseated her, but she sprang from him and stood defiantly in the middle of the room, still watching the door. The servant threw it open noiselessly, and Dr. Harper walked in. Dora caught just the outline of his figure, and giving one wild shriek, before she could be reached, fell to the floor. Again the life-tide streamed freely forth, and she was carried to her room like one in death.

Through the long hours of the night, Mr. Warner watched by the bedside of his wife. Dr. Harper came in often from an adjoining room, gazed long upon the unconscious woman, and shaking his head sadly, moved quietly away.

She had lain as they brought her to her room, in the blood-stained garments, with just a perceptible breathing stirring her pulses. The maid servants stole in and out, anxious to be of some service to their mistress, but it was impracticable to disturb her then to change her apparel, and they awaited in their rooms for the summons. The physician urged quietness above all things, for the least agitation might cause another hemorrhage, and that, inevitable death. He could not, even now, answer for the consequences.

The morning sun rose joyous and clear, and as its refulgent beams streamed through the half open blinds, Mrs. Warner opened her eyes, and with a faint smile recognized her husband. He was still beside her, pale and haggard from anxiety and watching, but when he caught her conscious look, his face lighted up, and he pressed a kiss on her forehead.

"Are you better, sweet wife? See! the bright sun bids you good morning."

A softened light shone in her eyes, but she did not reply. Just then Dr. Harper came in. Mr. Warner gave him a hopeful, questioning look; he stood contemplating her for some minutes, then turned to her husband, with but little ground for hope in his sad expression.

"These things," said he, pointing to the saturated garments, "must be removed before she arouses; and she must not be left to the attendance of servants. Has she not a sister or friend who can be her nurse and cheerful company at the same time?"

Here Dora opened her eyes, and signified her wish to speak to her husband. He held a whispered conversation with her for some time. It seemed that she had understood the last part of the physician's remarks, and wished to communicate something concerning it.

That morning, as the sun was penetrating the leafy branches, and dropping evanescent spray upon the garden walks, standing by the east window of Mrs. Cleveland's parlor, I saw the Warners' equipage drive up, and a moment later a servant handed in a note. It was unsealed, and my aunt took it and read:

"Will Mrs. Cleveland permit Miss Fairfield, if it is her pleasure, to watch by the sickbed of Dora Warner to-day? If so, she will confer a great favor. The carriage will conduct her to the hall."

Of course, there was much surprise and consternation.

"O, yes; go, Kate, by all means. Dora has taken a fancy to you, and the child must be gratified. Moreover, I will accompany you and learn more particularly of her illness."

In a few minutes we entered the carriage and drove away. I could not understand all this, and wisely concluded that as I could not, I would let events explain themselves. I sank back upon the cushions, for once despoiling myself of fancies, that I might the more clearly comprehend the real.

We reached "The Cedars," passed up the broad granite steps, through the verandah into the parlor. We had no time to make observations before Mr. Warner joined us. We laid aside our shawls and proceeded to Mrs. Warner's chamber. Suffice it to say, that throughout the long day I was constantly by her side. My aunt returned home after a consultation with Mr. Warner, and I was duly installed as nurse.

As the sun went lower and lower, Dora Warner grew perceptibly weaker and weaker, but Dr. Harper came towards evening and administered some potion which greatly revived her. When the lamps were lighted for the night, she requested her husband, who had rested none throughout the day and preceding night, to go and seek some repose, promising that he should be called if she needed him. He came and bent over her, and for the first time during the day I particularly noticed him; he touched her pale lips with his, and stood gazing down upon her. O, the world of agony that lay in the depths of those dark eyes and compressed the finely chiselled lips! His looks seemed to distress Dora, for with a faint smile she motioned him away, and he left the room with sad and lingering steps, turning once or twice to take a parting look at his wife. I would gladly have called him back, for the thought struck me that he was taking his last look of her in life; but she suddenly demanded my attention, and I let him pass.

I was to call him if any change occurred; but one hour stole on after another, and Mrs. Warner lay quietly, holding my hand in hers, when I was unoccupied enough to sit beside her. She was too feeble to converse much, but I learned that she had been informed of the part I had acted, and felt very grateful towards me for it. The clock struck nine, and she turned uneasily about, and for the next few minutes grew very restless. It seemed that the chimes of that hour brought freshly to her mind her engagement with Manter.

I was about to summon her husband, when I heard a light step on the stairs and thinking it to be his, I remained sitting; the door opened noiselessly, and some one approached the opposite side of the couch. Dora gave a glad, low cry, and Gustave Manter knelt before her, clasping her hands and pressing passionate kisses upon them.

"Mr. Manter!" I rose and would have interposed, for I knew that her enfeebled condition could not bear this; but her eyes were turned imploringly upon me, and her hand grasped mine.

"O, Miss Fairfield, you know all, and I implore you by all you ever held dear—by your hopes of future happiness, let him remain. I have but a short time to live, and let that be devoted to the one I love most."

I was surprised, indignant, but undecided; for how could I tear her from him! He wound his arms about her, and her head nestled in his bosom; he bedewed her brow with kisses,

and blessed and implored her with frantic appeals. Again I would have interposed, but the calm, strange light in her eyes warned me to desist; for I saw that if for him to remain were death, to remove him would only hasten it. She surely had not long to live. The radiance which gathered on her face never comes to mortals but from the shining wings of the transporting angel. It is the holocaust of golden streets and gates of pearl.

I longed and yet dreaded for Mr. Warner to come in. This could not last, and I feared that I should have to bear the penalty already incurred. Suddenly I saw Dora's white arms, which had clasped Manter's neck, relax their hold, her beautiful eyes turn toward heaven, her lovely head sink lower upon his bosom, a faint smile wreath her lips, a convulsive motion thrill her breast, and I knew that the angels had taken her home. I saw that Gustave Manter knew that he clasped the dead, for he raised his eyes, and the most hopeless expression that I ever saw upon the face of mortal, overshadowed his.

I turned from my position, and Shirley Warner stood before us. Ah! there shone the glory of true manhood. His hands were folded upon his breast, his brow serene and calm, his eyes deep and unfathomable as they had seemed before, now beamed with true benignity and holy faith; while over his whole features lay the benediction of God.

Gustave Manter laid back the still, white form, and pressed a long kiss upon the silent lips which were crimsoning with a bright stain, then turning a defiant look upon Shirley Warner, walked out of the room.

Then the husband passed to the bedside, and kneeling, bowed his head reverently, and from the pent-up depths of his heart sent forth an appeal to Heaven, that I shall never forget. All the anguish, all the doubt, all the faith of a noble soul was laid before the great Mediator.

He rose, folded Dora's white hands upon her pulseless breast, and said, "It is well!"

One year glided past. I scarcely knew how to myself, but war and rumors of war had desolated many homes. The inactive had suddenly become brave men, and Nature's noblemen shed their blood upon the field of carnage. Mothers and sisters wept and prayed at home, while throughout the whole nation, hearts pulsated alternately with valor and despair.

My Aunt Cleveland wrote me that I must come down to Clinton again. "Philip, my darling, has left my side to replant the old banner where traitorous hands have torn down the noble standard. When Colonel Warner went, Philip could not remain behind. The Hall is deserted now except by a few trusty servants. You must come, Kate."

I had no excuse to offer, so I went.

The many pleasant hours I had spent in Mrs. Cleveland's parlors, and the scene enacted there with its terrible denouement came upon my senses like a vague dream as I sat down in the quietness now.

But there was one thing which left its impress upon my mind such as dreams seldom do. It had haunted me all through the year; in circles of the gay, in haunts of the beautiful and grand in Nature, in the sweet hours of solitude, it had followed me—an ever grateful presence. Would it leave me now? No, it became the more clearly defined as day after day I wiled away the hours in this lovely village, bearing my aunt companionship, or driving Selim over familiar ways.

I got into the practice of strolling into the beautiful grounds of "The Cedars" during my rides, knowing well that I should encounter no one but the servants who deferentially recognized me when I chanced to meet them. Here it was that the sweet spell which had played about my heart attained its deepest fervor, and I began to realize that my happiness and "The Cedars" were contiguous.

Our monotonous life was occasionally relieved by letters from the army, and Philip's gay humor, which even there could not be suppressed, was highly interspersed with encomiums of Colonel Warner's bravery and humanity as a commander.

Gettysburg! O, sacred is thy soil, watered by the blood of the brave! Well may thy laurels spring up quickly, bedewed by such incense! Homes have been desolated, hearts broken, and the beauty and bloom of life gone out for thee!

From Gettysburg Philip wrote. He was coming home. Colonel Warner of his staff was severely wounded, he hoped not mortally, and he was to accompany him home. In what a state of excitement we were for the next few days. Then they came. Colonel Shirley Warner was carried to the Hall. I did not see him.

Philip was the same tantalizing cousin as before, only there was a noble feeling manifest at times, with that indescribable absent-mindedness so habitual to those who have often

looked on death. He was in daily attendance at the Hall, and often insisted that I should accompany him. I demurred—I was not needed; though in my heart I longed to go that I might soothe one pang, or administer some precious balm otherwise undone.

Philip went—my aunt went—but I could not go. At last there came imperative summons. "Would not Miss Fairfield visit a wounded man whose life had been risked in her country's peril—who now wore the crimson badge for having done his duty faithfully?"

I went. He had that day been brought down to the pleasant parlor, and as I entered was lying upon a velvet couch, his right leg which was badly fractured supported by the softest cushions. He extended his hand to me with a glad smile illuminating his pale features and lighting up the dark, mournful eyes.

Again and again I went; one day to read to him—another day to sing, and so on to perform a thousand little offices a sick person only can require. Philip always accompanied me, and laughingly declared I would make a capital Florence Nightingale if I only possessed a little more courage.

Here I learned more and more of Shirley Warner. His was a patriot heart all aglow with enthusiastic love of freedom and country. Among the many incidents he related to me of warfare was one occurring just after a battle. He was rallying his men, when his name was called by a wounded soldier who beckoned his approach. To his surprise he bent over the bleeding form of Gustave Manter. He had him conveyed to the hospital—visited him there—was with him in his dying hour—received his confession—witnessed his atonement, and watched his spirit take its hopeful flight toward the home of her he had so wrongly yet so truly loved.

At last the time arrived when Philip was to return to his regiment. I accompanied him to the Hall that day, as usual, but my heart was sad, for I knew it was the last time I could go there. Wives, sisters and sweethearts can leave their homes for daily attendance in the wards of an army hospital but it would no longer be practicable for me to visit in his own home the wounded man in whom my heart had become so deeply interested.

Philip took a long stroll before we reached the house, through the many winding paths, by the sweet embowered arbors, and played with his walking-stick in the silvery fountain, purposely, I thought, to impress upon my mind the beauties of the place I was to leave forever. I knew Philip had a kind heart, but could hardly forgive him the desire to tease me in my present disquiet mood.

We entered the house. Colonel Warner had amended sufficiently to occupy the easy-chair, and was altogether looking very cheerful and comfortable. I felt my own spirits rise as they always did when near him, and, instead of the sadness which I expected would betray me, I rallied him with gay badinage, and for a time Philip's merry heart seemed to actuate us all.

I had never seen Mr. Warner looking so happy as he did that morning. At last Philip grew rude enough to whistle national airs, and turning upon his heel unceremoniously left the room. He took all the mirthfulness with him, I think, for after a few commonplace remarks my companion fell into a fit of musing.

I turned away to arrange some sheets of music which lay scattered about. Mr. Warner watched me with earnest eyes, and at last asked:

"Will you sing to me, Kate."

He had never called me by my first name before, and I felt my heart thrill, not so much, perhaps, from the word, as the tone in which it was spoken.

I seated myself at the piano without replying, and sang our beautiful national air. As I concluded with the last lines of Dr. Holmes's verse, which should always be added,

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave,"

he wheeled his chair to my side, and said:

"Katie, when our land is free—when I have returned again from the war, shall not my home be blessed by the brave woman who has shielded my house from dishonor, and cheered the hours of my present confinement with gentle hand, and pleasant voice?"

I could not speak—my heart was too full. He continued:

"Katie, darling, I knew the first time I saw you in that alcove, that we should be friends; I know now that to insure my happiness we must be more than friends. It is a widowed hand that I offer you, but not a widowed heart. Unwittingly, I committed a great wrong in my early life—committed it at the urgent request of another—committed it to fulfil a promise to a dying man. And, Katie,

I did fulfil that promise most faithfully; but the wrong I did my own heart and that of another has visited me with its direct penalty. Let the past counsel us for the future. I now give you the first, deep, strong love I ever felt for woman. If you can reciprocate this love—if you can give me an undivided heart, you will bring me the first taste of true happiness I have ever known."

I laid my hand frankly in his and replied:

"I do love you, Shirley Warner, with my whole heart."

"God bless you for this, my Kate."

Here Philip's step was heard as he came in singing in a bold, clear strain:

"Hurra, boys! for Southern rights, hurra!
And the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star."

"Philip! you rebel," I interposed.

"Rebel! am I? Ah! ha! No secesh sympathisers here I see—all for the Union," divining at a glance the true state of affairs. "All right! Colonel Warner! Resign your commission for the sake of this union, recommend me to promotion, and I'll take care that the 'Bonnie Blue' shall have the required number of stars upon it."

"I am not sure, Philip," returned Mr. Warner, "but that for the sake of a union with this fair patriot, I shall be obliged to hold on to my commission. I think that in a few weeks at most, I shall be able to throw away my crutch and join you, for I feel better to-day than I have for years."

Philip suddenly melted, and extending his hand exclaimed, "God bless you both! You were made for each other—I knew it from the very first."

"Philip," returned Colonel Warner, "you must not leave me comfortless. Kate will pardon me, if I urge her immediate companionship for my speedy recovery. It seems to me that there need be no delay," said he, turning to me. "Be my wife at once, Katie."

I saw no reason to deny his request, and accordingly on the next day just before Philip's departure, a few select friends witnessed the ceremony that united me to my heart's choice. Phil. Cleveland's bridal gift was the beautiful Selim that I loved as a friend. Six happy weeks passed away too quickly, then my husband knew that duty called him where they "rally round the flag."

That was two years ago. To-day peace sits like a brooding dove over all our land. My husband is with me, and peace, most unalloyed peace, rests upon our home at "The Cedars."

THE LITTLE SHOE.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

When Fall, to the rubric of the year,
Brought its crimson leaf, and o'er Summer's bier
Delirious winds like orphans wailed,
I rambled abroad till evening trailed
Its shadowy banners. The finger-post
Its arms in a bout with the wind had lost,
So I stopped at a cottage to ask my way,
And as I talked with the matron gray,
Inquired why hung o'er the mantel near
A little shoe like a keepsake dear.
The furrows ploughed in her brow by care
Seemed to give up the dead hopes buried there,
As thus she spake:—"From the parent tree
A blossom dropped ere it ceased to be;
Four summers' skies had their blue left fair
In his eyes, and their sunshine in his hair,
When I missed his footfalls light and quick
As the woodpecker's tiny hammer's click,
And I called; but the rooks, in twilight's gray,
Like sextons to bury expiring day,
Alone replied. In my search I met
(O God, how vivid the sight is yet!)
The miller bearing my boy he found
Like a lily under the water—drowned.
That little shoe I so precious hold
Upon the bank where he sank had told;
And when the wind in the chimney sighs,
I gaze and gaze with my tearful eyes
Till I fancy I see my dead boy there,
With his large blue eyes and his flaxen hair;
And I know that he'll on the border stand
To welcome me to that lovely land,
Which lovelier seems for the promise given
Of such as he is the kingdom of heaven."

* * * * *

As I lay in bed that night, and the rain
Beat its quick tattoo on the window-pane,
(A mournful hour for me at best),
I thought of the time when I should rest

From the thoughts that trouble and haunt me here,
And wondered whether the only tear
To moisten the grass above my grave,
Would be as a drop in Lethe's wave;
And I thought that if one alone should weep
O'er some lay I frame while the happy sleep,
That echoes the wild unrest of his heart,
I would ask no sculptured dream of art;
For more enduring the relic of love
Than the monument lost in the blue above;
And better love with the little shoe,
Than the stateliest pile, with the heart untrue.

THE EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY MRS M. A. DENISON.

I WAS walking with my father one day on one of the wharves in Boston harbor. We were looking through a small spy-glass at the remnant of an old ship that laid against the shelving bank of an island, when a friend came toward us whom my father had not seen for many years. We walked and talked together, speaking of the unsightly object we had just been gazing at, when our friend, an old sea captain, gave us the following little history, which I will endeavor to jot down in his own language.

"Yes, sir, I've sailed in that old hulk that lies rotting there, many a long year. She used to run between Bremen and here. A splendid clipper she was, a regular ocean beauty in them days when I was afore the mast. Her name was the 'Jenny Saunders,' and her captain's name was Galliger. Many's the crew of fine, honest men I've seen aboard of her, but her commander was a belligerous old wretch. Everybody that was aboard hated him, for he was a bad man, sir, a bad man. We used to know how he'd behave in foreign ports, and he had a pretty creeter for a wife at home, sir. Sometimes she'd go to sea with him, and that would keep him in tolerable good order, but it wouldn't prevent his cruelty to the men. If they was first rate seamen, he generally did about fair by them except that he was cross as thunder, always. But if a greenhorn shipped—gracious! he'd as lief take a belaying pin to him and knock him in the head as eat his dinner. I've seen him do it, too! It was a young fellow that answered him back once, and he just lay his face open from crown to chin. He was a cruel man, sir.

"He took emigrants to the United States, squads of 'em. They generally got served pretty well. Pay the captain his money and he'd give you the worth of it, that's the fact. I mean in grub, of course, and tolerable kind words. Well, one passage we had an uncommon lot; five hundred, I think, young and old, a pretty decent set, too. Fact is, these German passengers, even if they are in the steerage, have their pockets pretty well lined. Well, there was families of two and five, and sometimes of ten and eleven—a good many handsome-looking young girls among 'em too.

"The particular passage of which I'm going to tell you, was in the year thirty, a great year for the clippers. I was cleaning some part of the ship outside just as this family—the family of the girl I'm going to speak about—come on board. There was first an old man in his old country dress—his hair was as long as my arm, and as white as the foam of the sea under the sun. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, there was no mistake about that, likewise was his wife as handsome and high-mannered an old dame as you might meet in a hundred years. Then there were the sons, the daughters and the grandchildren. I did think it a pity for them to go in the steerage especially as they hadn't no common ways about them, but seemed as good as the best.

"Well, between two young men, one her brother and the other her lover, I expect, come a young girl not more than seventeen, the handsomest little craft that I ever laid these two eyes on, and I reckon I've seen some fine-looking women in my day, having been into all ports of the known world. I actually trembled when I saw our captain look at her, and he did give her such a hard look that she turned as red as a rose. I couldn't tell you how handsome she was. Queens and great ladies might envy the red and white of her face, and even the very way she walked and held her head. O, it was a sight to see! Her brother was as good-looking as herself, and a manly young fellow he was, too.

"Well, we set sail, having beautiful weather for the first few days, and I didn't often see the emigrant girl only when she came up a little while on the forward deck for an airing. I always observed that the captain would be somewhere that way, looking ever at her in the most admiring manner possible; and I wanted to tell her lover as the young man appeared, that it would be better not to show his little beauty so much if he wanted her kept out of harm's way. Come the second week out, and we had mighty bad weather. Meantime, you see, the captain had got to coming into the steerage and talking with the fine old German and his wife. The fools! I could have told why he singled me out for his attentions, if I had had such a pretty daughter as that. I shouldn't have been blind by no manner of means. It wasn't the captain's place to be in the steerage; I longed to tell him so, more than once, but I might have paid for it with my life.

"It happened that there was but few passengers in the cabin, one of them a consumptive lady who brought her servant with her. And it happened, too, that her servant being new to the sea was very sick, and unable to attend to her mistress from the first day to the last. How it was I never knew, but our captain managed to get this handsome girl into the cabin to wait upon the sick lady. I suppose he offered her father a large sum of money, and I know he gave the girl presents.

"Hans Something, was the name of her father. He did not seem to be like the rest of the family. He had married the old man's daughter, and I don't expect he came of so good stock. At any rate, he must have been mighty fond of money to let that girl go out of his sight and into the company of such a man as our captain. But then—what did *they* know of the captain? He looked honest enough. He was handsome, that is, one of the taking kind with the ladies, black hair, eyes, and a tremendous bunch of whiskers on his upper lip. Besides he talked German with the best of them. I noticed after a while that the young fellow who appeared to have been the girl's sweetheart, grew pale and nervous. He used to be out on the deck oftener, and his face seemed to indicate an uneasy, jealous feeling. I could tell how it was, poor fellow—if he saw half that I did, I don't wonder, not only that he was suspicious of the captain, but I thought that if I was in his place, the captain should answer for it. He got pretty well roused one time, and—but I wont tell that part of the story till I get to it.

"I knew something of languages, enough, at any rate, to make out even the lingo of a German, and one day being down in the steerage busy at something, I heard an expression that made me open my ears. Just then, down came the girl—O, but she did look prettier than ever. She had on a foreign looking silk apron, I think the women call it, and a pair of glistening earrings in her ears, and her hair was all finified up, her cheeks aglow. The old woman had been sick, but now she was out of her berth, tidied up, and held her knitting, though she seldom took a stitch, the ship rolled so after the storm. The whole family were there, saving the girl's sweetheart, and he, as soon as he heard her footsteps, had jumped up and gone to another part of the ship. I see she looked after him in that sort of way girls look sometimes when they know they can do just what they please with a man's heart, and I took notice that she was very much flustered. So, as I said before, I heard the captain's name this time the young girl spoke. Then they all looked anxious and pleased at the same time, then one asked a question, and another asked a question. All at once, a new light broke over me, and for a moment it shook me like I had felt an ague chill. I didn't know what was my duty, for I was as much afraid of the captain's ugly temper, as any man could be, but as I listened and listened, I couldn't bear it any longer, and going up to the people, I said a few words in their own language. The girl smiled at me in a mocking way, and turning to the rest, seemed eagerly denying my statement.

"I only made the reply—'it is true, quite true!'

"The old people seemed horror-struck; the woman especially, seemed on the verge of fainting, but the younger one only laughed with her daughter, and seemed unwilling to give any credit to my statement. Finding I could make no impression upon them, I went after the sweetheart, and in the best manner I could, let him know my suspicions. I never saw a man so deathly pale; he was very light, and the terror and the horror made him ghastly. His hands were clenched and the veins stood swelling on his forehead, while his 'mein Got!' was cried out in a sort of hoarse whisper-like voice, enough to curdle one's blood. I had told them the captain was married. After that, I saw the girl go in the cabin again; the sweetheart saw it too, and he shook like a pennon in a gale.

"That very afternoon the captain came towards me, and I knew what to expect. So I braced my nerves up, and determined that, please God, I wouldn't be afraid of him.

"'You low, sneaking rascal!' he exclaimed. And he looked like the old one himself. 'What do you mean by meddling with my affairs?' And then he took all the oaths that I ever heard come out of a whole ship's crew's lips in ten voyages, that he'd have my heart's blood, that he'd send me to the bottom of the ocean, and such like threats. I told him respectfully, as a foremast hand should always speak to his first officer, that I had done by that girl as I would by my own sister.

"'For, sir,' said I, 'she thinks you are an unmarried man, and you, yourself, sir, I am sure (God forgive me the speech), wouldn't expose so young and innocent a thing to temptation.'

"He looked at me hard at that, as if he wasn't certain whether he quite saw through me, and with one heavier threat than the last, and a mouthful more of dirty oaths, he went off.

"But I could see a change in the girl after that, yes, sir, for I was always watching her, having a daughter of my own about her age, gave me the interest, I s'pose. I see that she began to smile more seldom, and her color went. Then her step was quite slow, and she would go by the side of the vessel and take long sad looks at the water as if she was in a brown study. Pretty soon after that her eyes begun to be heavy, and once or twice I found her in an out of the way place, crying and sobbing like a baby. Well, I didn't attempt to comfort her—she wouldn't have borne it, for as soon as she seen me, off she flew, like a scared bird. My heart felt very heavy, for I knew there was trouble somewhere; besides, she lost all her beautiful color, and I saw that the captain seldom spoke to her now.

"One night—ah, sir, I shall never *forget* that night—the moon was at her full, and the whole ocean was like a great bed of silver with a glitter on it. For the first time in a great many days, I saw the pretty German girl and her sweetheart steal upon deck together. It was my watch—and my duty to bid them below, but I don't know why, it wasn't in my heart to do it. They went forward and sat near the bows. There were barrels there and planks atop, so one could walk back and forth very easily. I couldn't hear anything they said, but I saw by their gestures that they were talking rapidly. Sometimes he would go very close to her, and she would put out her hand and push him away, then she would weep and sob again. This went on for some time, when at the last she seemed to grow calmer. I saw her throw herself into his arms, I saw him kiss her again and again, then she seemed to wrench herself away, and quicker than I can tell, over she went.

"I don't know how I got there. I remember catching at a dark body that was going over, her poor, distracted sweetheart, and his falling back in my arms dead as a log, after giving a great cry. That cry brought the captain and two of the mates. The captain asked angrily what was the row, while I was at the boats like one frantic.

"'A young woman overboard,' was all the reply that was made.

"He knew—the scoundrel! the villain! He knew well enough. His face changed, his very voice was different, as he ordered 'bout ship!' 'Twas no use, there wasn't a thing to be seen—not a bubble! She must have put weights in her pockets.

"O, there was a woful time on board that ship! We made as if she had fell over, all of us who could. Her mother went on like one crazy; her father had to be held to keep him from jumping overboard, and her poor grandparents, when they understood it, were worse than all. I hate to see an old man cry—it was hard to see that fine-looking old gentleman tottering round, wringing his hands, and shaking his gray old head, and sobbing while the tears run—may I never see the like again.

"The sweetheart, he had brain fever. The doctor on board gave him up twice, but he lived, poor fellow! They kept him quiet at my request, for I told the doctor in confidence all about it, and he knew enough of the captain to believe every word, but when he had got, as you may say, well, he tried his best to have a fracas with the captain, but he didn't succeed.

"Next voyage there was a green hand shipped. I never suspected till he'd been out three days that it was the German girl's sweetheart. I told him I knew him, but he wouldn't let on. Never saw a fellow keep a secret so well. Then I was sure there was going to be more trouble, and it came soon. He didn't know the ropes, and I think the captain suspected who he was, though he was disguised, for he was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, but if it hadn't been as it was, I shouldn't 'a blamed

him much, neither; for I don't like bad seamanship any better than the next man—but the German acted as contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next thing they were both on deck struggling together. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor young fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything. The captain acted in self-defence, but I wouldn't have had his feelings when he saw what was done. I was so horror-struck that I vowed to heaven I'd never sail in that ship again, and I never did. Sir, it was a God-cursed ship after that. Misfortune went after it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain, too. That always seemed strange to me. He lost men, he lost the owners large sums of money, but he always seemed to come off scot free."

"The above story," says the narrator, "was told to me by a sea-captain, as we strolled one day, hardly heeding whither. I had been much interested in its horrible details, and had not noticed that we were close upon the gates of the famous lunatic hospital beyond the city. Having long had a wish to inspect the place, I requested him to enter with me. We had seen several cases of raving insanity, when the keeper said, pointing to a double cell:

"'There is the worst subject in this, or any other establishment of the kind. He is a sea captain, quite old, whose madness is so alarming about the hour of twelve at night, that we expect every morning in spite of all our precaution, to find him a corpse. We are obliged to keep him most of the time in this closet, the walls of which are lined that he may not dash his brains out. He has been here now six months, and he imagines that he is pursued by a girl, and held under water by her till his breath leaves his body.'

"The captain at my side looked at me, and then asked if we might see the person so unfortunate. One of the doors was unlocked, another opened, disclosing a hideously haggard face. My companion drew a long breath shuddering, and exclaimed:

"'At last, God has smitten him. It is he.'"

THE UNLUCKY BOY.

BY FRED. CHAMIER.

SOME wiseacre of a fool has somewhere or other asserted that there is no such thing as luck—good, bad or indifferent: that what is termed ill-luck is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the result of ignorance—overlooking the fact that a man is unlucky in being ignorant!

The most incredulous will, by reading this memoir, be convinced of the fallacy of the man's assertion, and with the hope that I offend no one by starting out so boldly, I begin by declaring myself one of the most unlucky individuals ever brought into this miserable world!

My parents were not unlucky before me; none of my brothers and sisters (and, to my misfortune, I had nine of them) have been unsuccessful in life; I alone out of this family appear the one marked out by Fortune, as a sworn foe, and I have only received so much of her bounty as to be endued with sufficient spirit never to repine over the greatest misfortune and never to exult if the tide of goodness prevails over misery for the extraordinary space of five hours of existence.

I am not one of those poetical people who begin their stories in the middle and then trace back for a commencement; my plan, like Lord Byron's,

"Is to begin at the beginning;
I abhor all wandering as the worst of sinning,"

and shall therefore remark at the outset that I was born during as violent a gale of wind and in as dismal a night as the blessed climate of New England has ever been guilty of during November; and I have often been told that on that auspicious occasion old Dr. Bolt declared with a grim smile that I was under the special protection of Saturn, and would have through life, "the devil's own luck." Certainly he was not far from right.

I was early sent to school because I never could be kept out of mischief at home. The fact was that whenever any of my ugly brothers broke the cups and saucers, set fire to the wood-house, tied a double knot in the hired

girl's apron-strings or put a hot cinder in her shoe, the blame invariably lighted upon my shoulders; I was either cowhided, popped into the dark garret or sent supperless to bed.

The final catastrophe that hurried my departure from the paternal lickings to the school-master's floggings was this: my eldest brother, who was fortunate enough to die about the time that fortune began to turn against him (for he had just married), had left as a legacy to us children, a bronze figure of an old man, which was stuck upon the dining-room mantel-piece, and every morning and evening underwent a dusting with a dimity rag, having as much care bestowed upon it as the ornaments on a lady's boudoir table.

It so happened that my brothers and myself were possessed of those destructive weapons called cross-guns, but we had no target, for, ever since my second brother, in firing at the driver of a carriage had missed his mark, broke the glass and scarred the face of a young scion of shoddydum (for which, of course, I suffered), we had confined our operations to assailing beggars. The latter could obtain no redress and always moved off in a hurry.

Now, the dev—that is, Saturn—who had me under his protection, suggested to my mind that the old man on the mantel would be no bad mark; the hint was loudly applauded and forthwith we placed the bronzed gentleman on an old hen-coop and blazed away. The figure was as invulnerable as Achilles, and like him escaped the *sticks*, until after a quarter of an hour's firing my third brother, a young gentleman with as demure a countenance as a Methodist minister, fired and, hitting the image right in the face, "left not a wreck behind."

This trifling incident produced great consequences; as usual, I was the victim, and after being severely cuffed, even by the culprit, I was packed off to school, with my character pinned to me as conspicuous as the tail of a monkey, for I was the bearer of a letter in which I was designated as the most mischievous urchin alive; all my own and my brothers' propensities were mentioned, and in conclusion I was most strongly recommended to the vigilance and birch of the school-master.

The latter attended to his *duties*—I was flogged fourteen times for nothing. If the orchard was robbed, I was flogged; if any boy was seen out of bounds, I was flogged; if a fight occurred, I was flogged; until latterly I really think the old sinner used to flog me in preference to using the dumb-bells—merely to keep his chest open.

I remember these trifling sufferings which greater disasters have not obliterated; they were the least of my woes, and even the sufferings inflicted by the master's *worse*-half were only as a few more thorns which time has plucked out from all but memory.

When I was grown to the goodly age of ten, I was allowed to go home on a short vacation. It happened that about a month previous, my third brother had died, and the room in which I was to sleep had always been shared with him. This was the first night I had taken sole possession of the chamber.

Alas, the dreariness of solitude! How well calculated it is to shake the firmest nerves and inspire the most startling thoughts, none can tell but those who have experienced it.

I went to bed, but not to sleep; in vain I tried to slumber. I turned and twisted, and in endeavoring to banish thought, thought the more; no position was comfortable; I looked round the room like a hunted criminal, and with the breath of despair blew out the light and was in darkness.

Then came all the unpleasant imaginations of terror; I fancied more than once that I heard some light footstep in the room, and to avoid anything so inimical to sleep, enveloped myself in the bed-clothes.

When worked up to a nervous agitation amounting to a most decided tremble, the clock on the stair-case struck the hour of midnight, and scarcely had the record of time sounded the last warning when the poker, tongs and shovel fell down. No man startled by "graze of ill-directed knife"—no man struck through the heart by a shot, or suddenly galvanized, ever jumped into a stiffer position. It was a right-angle I made, sitting bolt upright in the bed, and with my hands endeavoring to keep my heart from bursting through my ribs. The bed trembled like an aspen-leaf; a chair moved, or I fancied it did—O that I could extricate myself from that cursed room! Imagination painted a thousand horrors; even the idea of a ghost—a thing in which I never placed the smallest credit—now occurred to me; I dared not open my eyes, dreading to meet the glare of glassy eye-balls almost starting from their sockets, while the wan countenance, the skeleton figure, or the long, bony, extended arm and fingers might chase the remnant of reason from my mind.

Ah! the shutter shook! A hope of escape

presented itself. The window was on the right and the door on the left of the bed. With closed eyes and trembling limbs I jumped out, seized the handle, tumbled down stairs, screamed all manner of murders, and flying with rapid strides to the room where my youngest brother slept with the maid, burst open the door, jumped head-foremost into the bed and there, concealed from sight, panted in security.

When I jumped into the bed, the maid, finding a human being her unwelcome companion, leaped out on the other side and gave vent to her fright in a loud hysterical scream; the shriek awoke my brother who joined his lungs to hers and the two created a confusion beyond all description.

The unusual sounds soon produced the hired-man, who in his hurry to render assistance forgot all about costume, and burst into the room with a candle in one hand and a poker in the other. This no "unreal mockery" produced another terrific squall from the girl, who quite alive to the indelicacy of her situation, immediately rolled herself up in a window curtain, while John, suddenly aware how far he had trespassed against the rules of modesty and decorum, followed her example, dropping the candle in his fright and holding the poker in a straight line before him.

The house was alarmed—a clattering was heard in the hall and scarcely had John ensconced himself, when in came my father with a light, followed by my biggest brother, who, in his hurry, had grasped a broom-brush, and all the rest of the family, both great and small. On seeing John wrapped up in the curtain with only his head sticking out, Betsy in a similar situation and my little brother blubbering and crying, father, who wore his white night-cap and stood in an attitude resembling Oratory in a shirt, began a fine speech on morality, modesty, propriety and so forth, when I, half suffocated from my situation and pleased beyond measure to find myself in such plentiful company, popped my head out from under the bed-clothes and for the soul of me could not refrain from a sudden burst of laughter.

My unexpected appearance, and from such a place, seemed to awaken all from a dream, and a general titter became audible, my father allowing an unusual visit from a smile to rest upon his countenance. But this was of short duration; the next moment I was jerked out of the bed and in spite of attempted explanations, was hurried back to my own room, on opening the door of which out sprang a large cat—the rascally intruder who was the cause of the awfullest walloping I ever got, and of coward being stamped for years and years afterward upon my name.

But it is not my intention to further inflict the reader at this time. If I am unlucky enough to get this much of my sufferings before the public, I may possibly be induced at some distant day to relate my catastrophies in the realms of love.

MY WOLF HUNT.

BY JOEL BATES SWETT.

I HAD been reared in one of the Eastern States, until I was seventeen; and although game was small and scarce, always had a strong passion for hunting. To split open the head of a squirrel with a rifle bullet was my chief delight; and in time, I began to be a very expert marksman. My father suddenly conceived the idea of going West; and in a short time our family, myself included in the number, alighted from the cars, to find ourselves standing on one of the largest and most boundless prairies of the State of Illinois. Where we stopped, a few houses had been built, and the town so constituted was given a name, and the idea advanced to all new comers, that with the celerity with which western towns spring up, this would soon become a large city; and the wide expanding plain, now a wild sea of living green, would soon be covered with beautiful cultivated farms; and orchards and houses alter the stupendous monotony of its present wildness, into a smiling Eden of the earth.

I was perfectly transported with the glowing stories advanced by a set of young fellows there, of the plentifulness of game, and determined to start out in quest of some, in a few days' time, to a distant grove, which seemed to my inexperienced eyes to lay about four miles distant, when, in fact it was over fifteen.

This deception is owing to the level nature of prairies. However, after learning the distance there, I concluded to try my luck in a grove of about fifty acres, growing on a kind of island in the centre of a large pond or lakelet. This grove stood about three quarters of a mile from the railroad station. I had often before expressed a wish to see a wolf, and get a shot at one; and while thus expressing myself, had noticed these young fellows exchange significant glances. But forgetting this, I one day shouldered my rifle and started for the grove, having to pass over the pond to it, in a rudely-constructed boat.

Passing along through the deep and tangled thickets, I came, at last, to a kind of natural opening, or tiny prairie in the centre of the grove, and looking across to the other side, about fifteen rods distant, saw a huge gray wolf, standing with his left side exposed to my view, and with his head turned as though looking at me. Promptly raising my rifle, and taking deliberate aim at the wolf, I fired; but the wolf stood as immovable as a statue, still looking at me, and displaying its long, white, ferocious-looking fangs. Loading the rifle as quickly as possible, and advancing a few rods nearer, I took deliberate aim and fired again. This time the wolf was as stationary as ever, and never moved an atom!

What could it mean? Loading the rifle again, I walked to within four rods of the wolf, took aim just behind its fore shoulder, and fired. The wolf was as motionless as ever; and clubbing the rifle I started with a shout, towards the apathetic brute, determined at all odds to make him show fight or run. Not a foot did the wolf budge, and when I just raised the barrel of the rifle to bestow a ponderous blow upon its head, a few straws seen projecting from its mouth, changed my purpose, and giving it a kick, it rolled over on its side, and presented the skin of a wolf, nicely stuffed, and placed there by human hands.

As I turned from the spot, a noise, somewhat resembling a smothered laugh, came from the bushes near, but passing by, and not seeming to notice it, I went home and commenced forming a plan of my own. For more than a week I was constantly beset with sly questions in regard to wolf-hunting; but I kept at work, unmindful of jests, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a nicely painted wooden duck, gracefully riding the tiny waves of the pond surrounding the grove.

Duck-hunting is rare sport, and nearly all participated in it; but after a week's waste of gunpowder from the muzzles of over twenty fowling-pieces, some one at last took the boat and brought in my wooden duck triumphantly to the shore. The marks of shot and bullets which the duck bore gave evidence of good marksmanship, but I was berated no more about wolf-hunting.

MAKING A FOUR-MASTER.

When Dick Dambanger, whom some of us have heard of before, was chief mate of the big ship Meteka, wintering down there in New Orleans, there was only Dick and Captain McLane by the ship, and one day the "old man" took a fancy that himself and mate could alone send up a maintop-mast.

"Yes, we can," Dick said; "but we can't do it with that rope, sir!"

"Wha-wha-what's the r-r-re-reason we ca-ca-can't?" stuttered Captain McLane.

"Because the rope is not strong enough to send up that heavy pitchpine topmast."

"Tha-that be d-d-d for a ya-ya-yarn. It'll se-se-send up the ma-ma-main ma-ma mast."

"Very good, sir, that's your lookout, not mine," said Dick, and up he went and rove off the top rope. Then after they had bent and stoppered the rope to the topmast properly, they led it along the deck to the windlass, and jaming the turn, went at the breaks and hove away, the big topmast going aloft bravely. But when it got up within two or three feet of the fid-hole, it began to hug-tight, and it took all the force of the two salt-waters to budge it.

Dick had trotted up aloft a half dozen times to cut stoppers, and place topmast rigging and stays over the mast-head, and about the time they had hove the spar up to within six inches of the fid hole, his temper had got up to very near two-ninety pressure.

"Tha-tha there, sir; I t-to-tut-tol-told you the ro-ro-ope wo-wo-would—"

"*Part*, you bloody old fool!" roared Dick, as the top rope went with a sharp *vep*, and down heel foremost came the huge topmast, going smash through the spar-deck four feet forward of the mainmast, and sticking up there in end.

"There you are, old Bully Fizzle!" sung out Dick. "Clap the rigging over, send up to'gallant mast, cross the yards, and here we are all ataunto—the only *four-master* in port."

Remember that it is a fixed fact, that revenge, however sweet, costs more than it is worth.

GRISELDA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

In Lombardy, on the confines of Piedmont, is a fine country where the lords have always borne the title of marquis. Of all these marquises, the most noble and powerful was one called Gautier. He was handsome and well-formed with all the gifts of nature, but he had one fault, he liked too well the freedom of the bachelor; he did not wish to marry. His barons and vassals were troubled at this. They assembled to confer on the subject, and after much deliberation, sent deputies to address him in their name.

"Marquis, our only master and sovereign lord—the love they bear you has inspired us with the boldness to come to speak to you, for everything in you pleases us, and we count ourselves happy to have such a lord. But, dearest sire, you know that the years pass on swift wing and never return. Although you are in the flower of life, old age and death, from which no one can escape, are every day drawing nearer. Your subjects, who have never refused to obey you, pray you then to consent that they should seek for you a lady of high birth, beautiful and virtuous, worthy to become your wife. Grant, sire, this favor to your faithful subjects to the end that if your high and noble person meet with accident, it will not be added to their misfortune that they are without a lord."

To this discourse, Gautier replied affectionately:

"My friends, it is true that I enjoy the liberty of my situation and that I should lose by marriage, if I may believe those who have tried it. But I promise you to take a wife, and I hope that God in his goodness will give me one with whom I can live happily. I wish you to promise me one thing; it is that she whom I choose, whoever she be, the daughter of a rich or of a poor man, shall be respected and honored by you as your lady, and that no one of you shall ever dare to blame my choice, or murmur at it."

The barons and subjects promised to observe faithfully what the marquis demanded of them. They thanked him for having yielded to their request, and with him, fixed upon a day for his nuptials.

At a little distance from the chateau was a village where dwelt a few laborers, through which the marquis usually passed when he went to the chase. Among its inhabitants was an old man named Janicola. He was poor and loaded with infirmities, unable to leave his bed. But the blessing of Heaven sometimes visits the most wretched abode. The old man knew this, for there remained to him a girl named Griselda, very beautiful in person, with a soul still more beautiful, who sweetly sustained and solaced his old age. During the day, she kept his few sheep; in the evening, when she had put them in the fold, she made ready his poor supper, raised him up and laid him down upon his bed. All the attentions and cares that a daughter can render to a father, the virtuous Griselda rendered to hers.

For a long time the marquis had known through common report, of the virtue and excellent conduct of this girl. Frequently, on his way to the chase, he had paused to regard her, and had determined in his heart that if ever he should choose a wife, it should be Griselda.

The day fixed for his nuptials arrived; the palace was filled with ladies, knights and people of all degree. But when they inquired of each other for the bride, no one could reply. The marquis then went out of his palace, and all the knights and ladies followed him.

He went to the house of poor Janicola, to whom he said, "Janicola, I know that you have always loved me. I expect of you now one proof. It is to give me your daughter in marriage."

The poor man, overcome by this proposition, replied humbly, "Sire, you are my lord and master, and I ought to wish whatever you wish."

The girl was standing near her aged father, greatly abashed, for she was not accustomed to receive such a guest. The marquis addressed her, "Griselda, I wish to take you to be my wife. Your father consents, and I flatter myself to obtain your consent also, but first answer to the demands I make before him. I desire a wife who will submit to me in everything; who will wish only what I wish; and who, whatever may be my caprices or com-

mands, will always be ready to execute them. If you become mine, will you consent to observe these conditions?"

Griselda replied, "My lord, since such is your will, I shall never do nor wish anything which you shall not have been pleased to command me, and if you desire my death, I promise you to suffer it without complaint."

"It is enough," said the marquis.

He then took her by the hand, and going out, presented her to his barons and people. "My friends, behold my wife! behold your lady! whom I pray you to love and honor as you love me."

After these words, he led her to the palace where the matrons took off her rustic clothes, enrobed her in rich garments, and adorned her in nuptial ornaments.

The marriage was then celebrated. The palace resounded with music; and subjects, as well as lord, appeared enchanted.

Griselda had always been esteemed for her virtuous conduct. She was now so sweet, affable and obliging, that she was loved more than she had been esteemed, and whether among those who had known her before her elevation, or only since, there was no one who did not applaud her good fortune.

She bore the marquis a daughter, who promised to be one day as beautiful as her mother. Although the marquis and his subjects desired a son, there was great rejoicing throughout the land. The child was nursed at the palace by its mother, but when it was weaned, Gautier, who for a long time had been thinking to prove his wife, notwithstanding that, charmed by her virtues, he loved her more, from day to day, entered into her chamber with the air of a man in trouble, and said to her, "Griselda, you remember without doubt, what was your condition before being raised to that of my wife. For myself, I have almost lost the remembrance, and my tender affection, of which you have received so many proofs, must assure you of this. But for some time, especially since the birth of our daughter, my barons have murmured. They complain loudly of being destined to become one day the vassals of a granddaughter of Janicola, and as it is for my interest to preserve their friendship, I see myself forced to make a painful sacrifice which will cost me dear. I have not wished to decide upon it without forewarning you, and I come to demand your consent, and to exhort you to that patience which you promised me before you became my wife."

"Dearest sire," humbly replied Griselda, without any sign of grief upon her countenance, "you are my lord and master. My daughter and myself belong to you. Whatever it may please you to order for us, never shall anything make me forget the obedience and submission I promised and owe to you."

So much composure and sweetness astonished the marquis. He withdrew, under the appearance of great sadness, but in his heart full of love and admiration for his wife. When he was alone, he called an old servant, attached to him for thirty years, to whom he explained his purpose and then sent him to the marchioness. "Madam," said the servant, "deign to forgive me the sad mission with which I am charged, but my lord demands your daughter."

At these words, Griselda, recalling the words of the marquis, believed he sent for the child that it might be killed. Nevertheless, she held back her tears, stifled her grief, and without making the least complaint, without even breathing a sigh, she took the infant from its cradle, looked at it a long time tenderly, then, having made the sign of the cross upon its forehead, and kissed it for the last time, gave it to the sergeant.

He described to his master the courage and submission which he had just beheld. The marquis was never tired with admiring the virtue of his wife, and when he saw the beautiful child weep in his arms, his heart was moved, and he was almost ready to abandon his cruel test. He commanded his old servant to go to Boulogne to carry his daughter secretly to his sister, the Countess of Empeche, and request her to rear the child under her own eyes, but on no account let any one, not even her own husband, know anything of the mystery. The old servant faithfully executed his commission. The countess received the infant, and had it reared in secret, according to the wish of her brother.

After this, the marquis watched the countenance of his wife, to discover if he might see some sign of resentment or grief. She always evinced the same love and respect as she had ever done. She showed no sadness, and never in his presence, nor even in his absence, did she once pronounce the name of her child.

Four years passed, at the end of which she bore a son, who completed the happiness of the father, and the joy of his subjects. She nursed him as she did her first child. But when this much-loved son was two years old, the marquis, wishing to make still further

proof of her patience, held with her like discourse to that he had formerly held with regard to the daughter.

O, what grief must this incomparable woman have felt at this moment when, remembering that she had already lost her daughter, she saw that they were going to kill her son, her only hope, the only child that remained to her. What tender mother could have suppressed her tears and cries? Queens, princesses, marchionesses, women of all conditions, listen to Griselda's reply to her lord, and profit by her example.

"Dearest sire," she said, "I have already sworn to you, and I swear again, never to wish contrary to your wish. When, on entering your palace I laid aside my humble garments, I also gave up my own will to know only yours. If it were possible for me to divine them, you should see your smallest wishes anticipated. Command me now as shall please you. If you will that I die, I consent, for death is nothing to the misfortune of displeasing you."

Gautier was more and more astonished. One who knew Griselda less, would have believed so much firmness of soul was only insensibility, but he, while she nursed her infants, had a thousand times been witness of the excess of her tenderness for them, and could attribute her courage only to the love she bore to him. He sent his faithful sergeant to take the child and carry it to Boulogne, where it was reared with the first.

After two such dreadful trials, Gautier ought to have been satisfied with his wife, and never afflicted her more. But there are suspicious natures who cannot be satisfied; who, when once they have begun, stop at nothing, and for whom the grief of others is a delicious pleasure. Not only did the marchioness appear to have forgotten her misfortunes, but from day to day Gautier found her more submissive, caressing and tender. Yet he proposed to torment her still more.

His daughter was twelve years old; his son eight. He wished to have them in his palace, and prayed his sister to bring them back. At the same time, he circulated a rumor that he was going to put away his wife to take another.

These cruel tidings soon reached the ears of Griselda. It was told her that a young person of high birth and beautiful as a fairy was to be the marchioness. I will leave you to think whether or not she was astonished at such tidings; but she armed herself with courage, and awaited what he whom it was her duty to obey would command. He ordered her to come before him, and in the presence of some of his barons spoke thus:

"Griselda, for more than twelve years that we have lived together, I have been pleased to have you for a companion, since I have regarded your virtue more than your birth, but I must have an heir. My vassals require it; and Rome permits that I may take a wife who is worthy of me. Such an one will arrive in a few days. Prepare to yield your place to her. Summon all your courage to take your dower."

"My lord," replied Griselda, "I am not ignorant that the daughter of poor Janicola was not born to be your wife, and in this palace of which you have made me mistress, I call God to witness that while thanking him for this honor, I here acknowledge myself unworthy of it. I leave without regret, since it is your wish, the place where I have dwelt with so much pleasure, and retire to die in the cabin where I was born, and where I can again render to my father the services that I was compelled to leave to a stranger. As to the dower of which you speak, you know, sir, that with a chaste heart, I brought you only poverty, respect and love. Even the garments I have worn were yours. Permit me to leave them, and retake my own which I have preserved. Behold the ring with which you wedded me. I came out poor from the house of my father; I return poor, wishing to carry there only the honor of having been the irreproachable wife of such a husband."

The marquis was so much moved that he could not restrain his tears. He was obliged to go out to hide them. Griselda laid aside her beautiful garments, her jewels, all her ornaments. She put on her rustic apparel and returned to her village, accompanied by a crowd of barons, knights and ladies, who poured out their tears for her. She alone wept not; but walked in silence, never lifting her eyes.

Thus they arrived at the house of her father who appeared not surprised at the event. From the first, he had had misgivings as to the marriage, and had always thought that sooner or later the marquis, weary of his daughter, would return her to him. The old man embraced her tenderly, and without showing either wrath or grief, thanked the ladies and knights who had accompanied her. Imagine what grief the good Janicola must have felt when he thought that his daughter, after

so long a season of pleasures and abundance, must for the rest of her life be wholly deprived of them? But she seemed not to perceive it, and even animated the courage of her father.

The Count and Countess of Empeche followed by many knights and fair ladies were on their way with the two children. They were but a day's journey distant. To complete his last trial, the marquis sent for Griselda who came at once on foot and in the clothes of a peasant.

"Daughter of Janicola," he said, "my new wife will arrive to-morrow, and as no one in my palace knows so well as you what will please me, and how I wish her as well as my brother and sister and all the chivalry who accompany them to be received, I wish to leave the preparation to your care, particularly those things which regard my bride."

"Sire," she replied, "I am under such obligations to you that so long as God gives me life, it will be my duty to do all I can for your pleasure."

She immediately went to give orders to the officers of the palace, and the domestics. She herself assisted in the labor of preparing the nuptial chamber destined for her whose coming had driven her away. When the young lady arrived, far from exhibiting in her presence, as one might have expected, any signs of emotion, far from blushing for the wretched clothes in which she appeared before her, she went to meet her, saluted her with respect and conducted her to the bridal chamber. By a secret instinct which cannot be explained, Griselda was delighted with the presence of the two children. She could not remove her gaze from them and constantly praised their beauty.

The hour of the banquet arrived. When all were seated at table, the marquis made her enter, and showing her the pretended bride, to whose natural brilliancy was added a dazzling attire, demanded of her what she thought.

"My lord," replied she, "you could not have chosen one more beautiful and true; and if God answers the prayers I daily make for you, you will be happy with her. But in mercy, sire, spare her the bitter sorrows of your other wife. Younger and more delicately bred, her heart will not have strength to endure them, she will die."

At these words, tears escaped the eyes of the marquis. He could no longer dissimulate, and overcome by admiration of that unalterable sweetness and virtue that nothing could destroy, he cried, "Griselda, my dear Griselda, it is too much! To prove your love, I have done more than ever man before had dared imagine, and I have found in you only obedience, tenderness and fidelity."

Humbled by these praises, Griselda had bowed her head. He folded her in his arms, and showering her with his tears, he exclaimed in the presence of the assembly:

"Incomparable woman, you alone of all the world are worthy to be my wife, and you alone shall ever be. You, as well as my subjects, have believed me to be the butcher of my children. They were only absent from you. My sister to whom I confided them, has returned them to us. Look! Behold them! And you, my daughter, you, my son, come to throw yourselves upon your knees before your honored mother!"

Griselda could not endure so much joy. She sank insensible. When she had recovered she clasped her children to her heart and covered them with tears and kisses. All the assembly wept. Nothing was heard but exclamations of joy and admiration; and this banquet that the care of the marquis had prepared for his wife, became her triumph.

Gautier sent for old Janicola, whom, in order to prove his wife, he had always seemed to neglect, cared for him in his palace and honored him during the remainder of his life. Gautier lived twenty years longer with Griselda in the most perfect union. They saw their children's children, and after them their son inherited the land, to the great satisfaction of their subjects.

SHARP DETECTIVE.

An American gentleman having seated himself in an omnibus, while on a visit to London, a short time since, saw and heard what a little amused him. A man, bearing no peculiar marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at modest concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there's two of the swell-mob in here." The coach waited, till at length a pursy, well-looking old man rose and stepped out, saying as he did so, "I've too much money to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a spruce young person said, as he decamped, "I'll follow the old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swells have got out, and all's right."

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

My story is another version of Miss Muloch's title.

Bertrode Dodge was blue. It was August weather—there was no air stirring from one arid noon until the next, and the insects hissed maliciously all day long in the parched grasses. Perhaps that was the reason that Bertrode was blue.

Perhaps it was that as she walked Grover's Tract, day by day, and saw the summer's hinted completion in the red apples burning among the gray-green boughs, the hay-fields at aftermarth, the purple tasselled corn, and yellow wheat, that she felt her life to be aimless. She had let the summer come and wane across her passive existence. The previous winter she had said, "I feel ice-bound now. When summer comes, I will shake off this inertion and redeem to-day."

Yet the summer was rapidly passing and she was still a-dream. Her *dolce far niente* was so pleasant! The hour never seemed to come which called her to exertion. Well, "love's young dream" comes but once; it was all well, perhaps.

Grover's Tract and her farmhouse life was not dull as she had expected it would be when she returned from her mountain tour a year before; only at times the out-door sounds and the leisurely growing works of Nature oppressed her. In the winter she had been gay, looking at the sunset across the snow, watching the chick-a-dees, and searching the woods for purple mererion. In the spring the long walks to the post-office had been full of joyful fancies and golden realities; she loved the sweet country sights and scents more than ever before in her life.

But in August something seemed to oppress her. The sky burned too blue, the woods were too calmly content in their greenness, the days closed too beautifully in their ripe splendor, as she walked the Tract at sunset, coming from the post-office — coming always empty-handed. Yes, something was wrong, and when she realized it fully, she said:

"I am idle—I am steeped in idleness. I have been doing nothing for a year. Now I will have some work, and Dick may go to the post-office. I care too much for those letters."

Whatever those letters might be, there came no more of them. A certain gay tourist drifting about the world, forgot to write them at last; perhaps Bertrode was pretty, but one travelling everywhere meets many pretty faces.

Bertrode's cheek grew thin and white. Her mother saw that she struggled to repress a growing irritableness. But she worked on unceasingly at her new employment of teaching the district school of Grover's Tract. She devoted herself to the children. Their parents said they had never before learned so fast. Bertrode smiled only faintly at their praise. One day, coming home from school through the woods, she flung herself down among the ferns and dry grasses.

"It is dust and ashes!" she cried.

The sky gleamed blue through the green boughs overhead, and a little bird sang cheerily in a neighboring bush. She lay there until she felt the dew falling. As she rose up, something rustled at her side. She looked down; a great rattle-snake was slipping through the grass, going from her, apparently unaware of her presence. Fascinated, immovable, yet full of horror, she stood and watched the creature. For a moment it glided steadily on, its course so direct, its appearance so subtle and deadly, that she felt spellbound as she regarded it. Suddenly, with a thrill of horror, she saw the reptile's aim; it was making directly for a shady spot, where a man lay asleep beneath the trees. One moment more would be too late to prevent the threatened attack. Starting from her passivity, she seized a stone at her feet and hurled it full at the creature. He had just paused and raised his crest to view his position, when the stone struck him upon the back of the head, and with a vengeful hiss he leaped into the air, then fell at full length upon the ground and slowly expired.

Bertrode stood looking at the dusty length and bloody head of the dead snake, her mind in a sort of wonder that anything could be so loathsome, when she heard her name spoken. She raised her eyes and saw Fennel Gould standing before her. The young man looked at the snake with a sort of shudder, and said:

"Bertrode, you must have saved my life."

"I suppose I did," she answered. "The creature was coming directly towards you. Did you ever see anything so horrible, Fennel?"

He took her hands; she hardly glanced at him.

"Darling," he said.

She snatched her hands away in a sudden impatience.

"Don't!" she said. "I wish you wouldn't, Fennel."

"But I love you."

"I cannot help it."

He regarded her sorrowfully. She took up her shawl from the grass and put it on.

"It is chilly here, and late. I am going home," she said.

He walked silently at her side out of the woods and across the wide fields of Grover's Tract. Never was a more hopeless lover than Fennel Gould. At the farmhouse door he said, "Good-night, Bertrode." She bowed, and he went on over the hill in the warm gray twilight, cursing his cruel fate as lovers have cursed their fates before.

Through a succession of hot days the month went out. Before it had passed, Bertrode was taken sick—miserably ill of fever. She suffered wearisomely, but little could be done for her. It was a slow fever which must burn out its course. She was thirsty continually, and suddenly in the midst of her suffering, the spring which had supplied her with cool water grew dry, and all other water tasted warm and brackish to her fevered lips.

"If I only had some ice, mother!" she moaned.

"I know, dear, but there is no ice in less than twenty miles."

Too ill to express her misery, the poor, fevered girl fell asleep, to dream of the old yellow Grover Tract stage straining its way over the heavy sandy roads to Northboro', the only place where there was an ice-house, —there to procure for her a great green block of the refreshing ice she coveted.

"It will be so nice!" she murmured in her sleep. "My throat is parched, and it will cool my drink so deliciously!"

A cricket sang in the heated wall and woke her. She heard the stage trundling over the hill.

"Has it come, mother?" she asked.

"What, dear? you are dreaming. Wake up, and drink some of this nice iced lemonade."

"Ice, mother! Where did you get it?"

"Fennel has been to Northboro' for it. He's very kind to you, Bertie, dear."

"It's refreshing. How long have I been asleep, mother?"

"All the afternoon, and I really think you look better, Bertie."

Bertrode turned on her pillow and fell asleep again. In the morning she was better, but not well. The pale lips were still parched —the mouth so long fevered, tasteless. She relished only the drinks, iced and cool, which her mother prepared. One day she said:

"How is it that that ice lasts so?"

"Why Fennel goes to Northboro' for a fresh piece every other day. The weather is so warm that it melts very fast."

"But it's haying time. How can he be spared?"

"He goes at night after eight o'clock. I don't see how he can do it when he works in the field until he is ready to drop."

"Then why do you ask him, mother?"

"Goodness, child! I never asked him; I guess I didn't! It's his own service. I never dreamed of asking him."

Bertrode, bolstered up in bed, sat silent awhile.

"Fennel's very kind," she said at last; "but I don't like to be sick, and tax people so. Mother, if I am better to-morrow, can't I ride out?"

"Perhaps so."

To-morrow Bertrode was feverish again. Nothing passed her parched lips but a yellow peach, a rareripe, that was a wonder to the neighborhood.

"Where did it come from, mother?"

"Fennel brought it."

The next morning when she awoke, a gust of spicy coolness whiffed into her face.

"What is that?" she cried, starting up.

Just a pitcher of sprays from the scrub-oaks of the lowlands, their tender pendant acorns swinging among the glossy leaves—branches of bayberry, sweet fern, and a handful of checkerberry mixed with sweet swamp heliotrope, and wild asters, all dripping with morning dew.

"O, mother, bring it closer! Where did you get it?" placing her thin, white hands among the cool, sweet foliage.

"Fennel left it at the door this morning. He thought it would please you."

"It does please me."

No one but Fennel knew how she liked fragrant green leaves and swamp heliotrope.

She was grateful, and she told Fennel so

when she saw him. To prove it she let him drive her out and find her roses again among the fields. As the light came back to her eye and the dimple to her cheek, she laughed merrily sometimes, and forgot to look wistfully towards the mountains, as he had noticed her doing so often two months before.

One day she was pale and troubled when Fennel came with his buggy. She was silent for a few moments after they began their drive.

"Fennel?"

"Well?"

"Are you going away?"

"Yes."

"Why, tell me, please?"

"I think I had better."

That was all. She did not dare pretend not to understand him. Both faces were pale. He turned towards her at last, smiling faintly.

"Yes, Bertie, you don't need me any longer, and I am going away to try as hard as I can to forget you. It is strange that such a sweet-eyed girl should cause so much pain, isn't it?"

Bertrode didn't speak. They rode in silence along the river road. Bertrode was listening, as if half charmed, to the chirping of a little bird among the scrub oaks by the river. It was a hearty, cheery little bird that seemed to have no nonsense about it.

The road grew narrower. The tree branches met above their heads and gradually grew lower. Fennel put out his whip to hold them out of their faces. The motion startled the horse—or he might have been twanged by the springing sprays. He leaped suddenly forward, and Bertrode was flung from the carriage and down the steep bank into the river.

Stunned by the shock, she floated like a corpse. If she had seen Fennel Gould's face, then, she would have wondered, even though she believed that she knew his love. He drew in the prancing horse, and flung himself from the carriage. Dashing down the steep declivity, he threw himself into the river.

The tide was rapid. Already the figure of the drowning girl, half submerged, was floating into the middle of the current. There were strong, fierce rapids a quarter of a mile below, and the tide swept them both towards it. Fennel Gould expended every resource of body and heart in that struggle for life and love. She floated on—on—before him in the flowing water until the great beads of agony and pain stood upon his forehead. But one fortunate stroke, and he caught her scarf.

He struggled back to land and fell exhausted upon the bank. For a moment he lay there, panting; then, rising, he lifted Bertrode into the carriage, and carried home the life he had saved.

Evening came. Fennel was at home—pacing thoughtfully the floor of his little chamber. It was twilight, and the scent of the ripe apples in the orchard filled the dim room. He did not notice either, but he was roused suddenly by a knock at his door. It was little Willy Dodge with a note. He opened it. It bore these words:

"Fennel, come home with Willy. I want to see you."

That was all, but he knew who sent it. He went out of doors with the child. Holding the boy's hand, he walked the fields he had walked a month before, with his heart bitter as rue. The crickets were singing among the grasses. A strange lightness possessed him, and yet he kept putting down his heart—not daring to hope. The farmhouse door was open and Bertrode was sitting in the porch. Little Willy went into the house. Fennel sat down on the step.

"What do you want, Bertrode?"

"I will tell you by-and-by."

The twilight grew more dim, as they talked of unimportant things, until they could not see each other's faces. The crickets were singing hundreds of songs in the grasses of the roadside. The dew fell and woke the sweetness of the roadside ferns.

A long time passed, and at last Fennel arose.

"It is time to go, Bertrode. Will you tell me now?"

The moon came up, and showed her face pale and her lips tremulous, but she stood up by his side and spoke firmly.

"I want to ask you not to go away, Fennel. *Don't* go."

There seemed more to be said, but she could not say it. Her voice died on her lips, and the eager light in Fennel Gould's eyes faded.

"I cannot stay, Bertrode; don't be troubled to pity me. Good-by, and God keep you, dear, forever!"

He stooped to kiss her head. Her arms were round his neck.

"My love, my love," she cried, "don't leave me. I want you; you make me happy; and I have never, never loved any but you, true heart! Take my life—you have saved it—and spare me the one you risked in my salvation. I will try to make it happy, but indeed, indeed, Fennel, I am not worthy of you!"

Heart to heart, at last; Heaven's angels bless them!

IS THERE A GOD?

BY GLEN RICHARD.

Go sit you down at eventide
Beside the streamlet, "mountain-born,"
And see it sport, and hear its song;
And let the zephyr kiss your cheek,
While pearly dewdrops gather round.

At dawn of day, in midst of spring,
Go view the lily, pink and rose,
And see how bright, and pure, and sweet;
And think that up from earth they came
In peerless beauty, kissed the dews,
And lent the zephyr sweet perfume
To waft to lovers' happy bowers.

Go view the lofty oak and elm
That proudly lift their heads on high,
In summer clad in richest green,
In winter bared to face the storm;
And think that but a little seed
In earth unnoticed once they were.

Go watch the mighty thunder-storm,
As up it looms, so dark and dread,
And see the forked lightning flash
From cloud to cloud, and cloud to earth;
And think, beneath its mighty hand,
How meagre is all human power.

Go stand you by, in midst of storm,
Old ocean's strand, and see its waves
As mountains high, and hear it shriek,
And groan, and roar. Then look you on,
In summer's calm, and see how bright
Its waters are; and think how many,
Many tribes beneath its waves,
In depths profound, do ever roam
Through coral groves, and dwell secure.

Go view the fiery mountain's top,
And see its flames, and hear its roar;
And feel its deep foundation shake,
While down its steeps, in rivers wide,
Its liquid fires do madly flow.

Go view the sun, the moon, the stars,
As proudly on through space they roll,
And on have rolled, nor changed their course,
Nor lost their way, but rose and set,
As wont to do "through years that go
Far back into eternity."
When thus you've done, and pondered well,
Then ask yourself if there's a God.

A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

BY CAPTAIN TREMAIN.

My father was an engineer before me, and gave up a tolerable business in a large provincial town to take an engagement under a railway company; and when I left school, he put me into his office, where I stayed till I was twenty years old.

"This sort of work wont do for you any longer, Tom," said my father to me one day. "You are getting as lanky as a clothes-prop, and round-shouldered into the bargain. We must get you out into the fresh air. Suppose you go as engine-driver for a couple of years; it will do your health good, and you will get an amount of genuine practical knowledge that way, which you could get in no other, which may some time be of great use to you in your profession. When you have had enough of that, you shall try your hand at surveying for the new branch they are talking about."

So I, by no means loath, went into the engine-shed; and and after a short experience as "cleaner," went out on the Firefly, as stoker, under old Sam Preston, one of the most experienced drivers on the line.

The life of an engine-driver, when once you have got over the disagreeableness of being, while on duty at least, in a chronic state of greasy blackness, is by no means an unpleasant or an unhealthy one; and speaking for my own part, I certainly liked it much better than being cooped up all day in an office.

We had a week of night-duty and a week of day-duty alternately; and were always employed to run either the express or mail trains —a task for which none but the best drivers are selected. You must understand that all this took place more than twenty years ago, when the railway-system was in its infancy, and before the electric telegraph was an

accomplished fact. The Firefly was running, on the week in question, between Mellingshall and Rippinghurst—the former, as you are aware, being one of the largest manufacturing towns in the northern counties, and the head-quarters of the line on which I was employed. Mellingshall has two lines of railway running into it—one from the north, and one from the southeast; both of which lines meet at a junction about half a mile from the station, and run their trains between those points on rails common to the two.

The Rippinghurst mail started at eleven P. M.; that for the north half an hour earlier; but our instructions were to have everything in readiness a quarter of an hour before the time of starting, and to run the engine from the shed on to a spare line used for the purpose just outside the yard, there to await the signal-bell which announced that the main line was clear, and then run back to the platform, and take up our train. As we drove slowly up to our waiting-place, Sam was in the habit of dropping off the engine most evenings, to have a few minutes' gossip with a friend of his, a pointsman, whose tastes, in common with Sam's, ran on large gooseberries and small dogs; and as I came back past the pointsman's box, on my way into the station, in answer to the bell, Sam would bid his friend good-night, leap blithely on to the engine, pull on his greatcoat, tie a shawl round his throat, and prepare for the long, dark journey before him. At the point where the Firefly took up her position, waiting for the signal, the line on one side was open to the fields, while on the other were several wharfs, opening on to an adjacent canal, beyond which lay the town of Mellingshall with its thousand lamps.

I had driven up to the waiting-place one cold autumn night, dropping Sam, as usual, at his friend the pointsman's box, and had just lighted my pipe, thinking to have a quiet smoke for ten minutes before the bell should ring, when I was startled by the sudden appearance, close to the engine, of two gentlemen—for if not gentlemen, they were dressed as such—who seemed almost as if they had sprung from the ground, so quiet had been their approach, so unexpected was their appearance. "Railway nobs these," I muttered to myself, smuggling my pipe out of sight in hot haste. "Probably a couple of directors. Too bad of them, though, to come prying about a fellow's engine at this time of night, trying to find out something against him. They'll fine poor Sam, if they find him off his perch."

One of the strangers was stout, and the other was slim. They were both well wrapped up, for the night was chilly; and the slim one carried a small, square leather case in one hand—judging by that dim light, it might be either a despatch-box or a small portmanteau.

"You are waiting here to take out some train, young man?" said the stout gentleman.

"Yes sir—the mail for Rippinghurst."

"And that starts—when?"

"In twelve minutes, sir, from the platform."

"Ay, just so." He began to walk slowly round the Firefly with his hands behind him, looking at her admiringly from every point of view, and talking to me all the time. "I suppose your engine is coked and watered ready for the journey?"

"Yes sir."

"And how far do you run before taking in fresh water?"

"We always take in water at Merryvale, thirty-eight miles from here. We have to stay there three or four minutes on account of the letter-bags."

"But supposing you had no train behind you, how many miles could you run to-night, say at the rate of forty miles an hour, before being obliged to stop for coke or water?"

"About seventy miles, sir."

"About seventy miles! Just so. Really, these steam-monsters seem to me the most wonderful inventions of this or any previous age;" and as he said these words, he mounted coolly on to the engine. Then I felt more certain than ever that he must be a director or some great railway functionary; while the slim gentleman with the despatch-box, standing so quietly on the ground, beating his chest with one hand to keep himself warm, was probably a clerk or amanuensis.

No sooner had the stout gentleman clambered up beside me, than he commenced another rapid cross-fire of questions, and made me explain to him the method of working the engine. I showed him how to start her, how to stop her, how to put on the brake, and sound the whistle. He expressed himself as being immensely gratified; and when his list of questions was exhausted, called to the slim gentleman to get up beside us, in order that he might explain to him some more interesting point than common.

The slim gentleman, still holding the despatch-box carefully, had hardly complied with this request, when the bell sounded which summoned me to the station, and I at once started the engine.

"We will ride as far as the platform with you," said the stout gentleman, watching my movements attentively.

The ordinary programme of proceedings was as follows: on hearing the bell, to run the engine slowly forward to the second pointsman's box, where a man was in waiting to turn her on to the main line, after running on which for a few yards, she was reversed, and run back, tender first, into the station, taking up Sam Preston at the first pointsman's box on the way in.

On the present occasion, as soon as I heard the bell, I sounded my whistle as a notice to pointsman number two; and on seeing his green light exhibited, ran the engine forward over his points till we were on the main line. I was just about to reverse the engine, for the purpose of running back into the station, when the stout gentleman spoke to me.

"How far is it from here to the junction where the line to Rippinghurst separates itself from the north line?"

"About half a mile, sir."

"And what means has the pointsman at that junction of distinguishing one set of trains from the other, or of knowing on to which line they ought to be turned?"

"His table informs him at what time each train ought to arrive or depart, in addition to which, all engines going north give two distinct whistles, while those going south to Rippinghurst and other places, whistle three times before reaching the junction, and thus notify to the pointsman which route it is intended they should take."

"Just so; two whistles when you go north, and three when you go south. *Le moment est arrivé!*" Scarcely had the stout gentleman, who was standing behind me, uttered these words, when I felt myself seized suddenly round the throat with an iron gripe, while my head was wrenched violently back; and the next moment I became insensible. Had such a mode of attack been known in those days, I should certainly have said that I had been garrotted.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my back among the coke in the tender, with my overcoat put under my head by way of a pillow. I staggered to my feet, feeling very dizzy and faint, and with a choking sensation in my throat that was far from agreeable. The Firefly was tearing along at a terrific pace, with no train behind her; going, too, not south to Rippinghurst, but along the main line to the north, as I saw when I looked round, for the night was fine, and the stars shone brightly; and I was familiar with every turn and feature in the landscape. Mellingshall was ten miles away, and two stations had been passed already. I had but just time to make these observations when the stout gentleman turned to address me.

"Getting round again, I perceive," said he; "you will be all right in another quarter of an hour. Here, take a dram of this brandy; you will find it improve you wonderfully. You will, I am sure, forgive me the little rudeness I perpetrated a few minutes ago. Necessity compelled me to act as I did. You are better already, I see. And now I will yield up my post of driver to you, having every confidence in your ability to conduct me and my friend safely to our journey's end."

"And where may that be?" asked I, somewhat sullenly. "This is not the road to Rippinghurst."

"Just so. It is the line to the north on which we are now travelling—I whistled twice at the junction, according to your instructions—and it is northward that I wish to go. My friend and I were too late for the mail; we could not afford to wait for the next train, which, in fact, does not start till six to-morrow morning; so we were compelled, in this rude and violent fashion, to invent a special for ourselves."

Fool that I was! how egregiously had I allowed myself to be deceived! I had actually taken one of these men for that awful personage, a railway director; whereas the two of them were probably nothing better than a brace of swindlers. With what dire punishment I should be visited when I got back to Mellingshall, I durst not just then pause to contemplate. It was true that I was being carried away against my will; but I had been wrong, in the first place, in allowing a stranger to get on to the engine, and so render it possible for any one to usurp the command placed temporarily in my hands. The mail would be delayed; and when it was discovered that I had absconded with the engine, they would put me down as a lunatic at once. But a few minutes more would bring us to Fallowdene station, at which place I would stop and give up the two strangers into custody, and prove my innocence at the same time.

"This sort of thing may seem a pleasant game to you," I said, turning to the stout stranger; "but it's deucedly unpleasant to me.

You've delayed the mail, and ran away with the engine—stolen it, in fact, and laid yourselves open to an indictment for felony. But we shall be at Fallowdene in three minutes, and then you will have an opportunity of explaining to some one higher in authority than me, the meaning of your singular conduct, for I don't intend to drive you any further."

"Your *naïveté*, my young friend, is really amusing," said the stout stranger, with a grim laugh. "Understand, once for all, that I, and not you, am master of the situation; and that it is for you to obey my orders implicitly. Refuse to do so, or attempt to play any fool's tricks with the engine, and I will scatter to the winds what little brains you possess, and scrunch your bones under the wheels of your own engine!" At the same instant, I felt the cold barrel of a pistol pressed to my temples; and I staggered back, and should have fallen from the engine, had not the stout man caught me by the collar, and dragged me back.

"There now," said he, good humoredly, "you owe me some thanks for having saved your life. Do as I tell you, young man, and you have nothing to fear. I pledge you my word to restore you in safety to the arms of your disconsolate friends."

I saw at once that further resistance just then would be useless; I had better make up my mind to obey the orders of the mysterious stranger, keeping, meanwhile, both eyes and ears on the alert. So, with a shrill whistle, we flew past Fallowdene at full speed; and then I shovelled a lot of coke into the furnace, and poured a little oil here and there among the joints of machinery, and went quietly about my work, as though no strangers were present, but always keenly observant of what my companions were doing.

"I am glad to find that you have come to your senses so readily," said the stout man. "Keep your engine up to the mark, and our journey will be done all the sooner." So saying, he proceeded to fasten a white woolen comforter round his throat, and to put on a travelling-cap in place of his hat; after which, he lighted a cigar, and turned to look at his friend.

The slim man (gentlemen I call them no longer) had taken no part in the conversation; but seated from the first in one corner, with the despatch-box between his knees, had seemed to take a very despondent view of his position. Him, the stout man now turned to address; but when he spoke, it was in the French language, evidently that I might not understand what he said; neither of them dreaming that the greasy-looking stoker beside them was acquainted with more languages than his own.

"How melancholy you look to-night, my friend," said he; "one would think you were in love, so forlorn as you sit there. All our plans have succeeded; and although we missed the train, that is a matter of little moment, since, thanks to our clever *coup-de-main*, we shall not be above half an hour late at our destination; and Peter will surely wait that short time for us. This night, of all nights in the year, you ought to be as merry as a blackbird; for now you have been sighing, day and night, for six months past. So cheer up, my child, and be light-hearted, as I am; let the future take care of itself. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

"It is so cold sitting here," replied the slim man with a shiver, "with nothing to occupy either one's fingers or one's thoughts."

"It is because your thoughts are so busily occupied, my friend, that you are so gloomy and *distrait*. But you said you were cold: here, drain this flask, choice cognac, I assure you; not a headache in a bucketful of it. And here, take this overcoat of mine; for myself, I can do just as well without it;" and unheeding the remonstrances of the other, the stout man slipped out of his great coat, and inducted his friend into it; then pouring a quantity of cognac into the cup of his flask, made him swallow that; and finished up, by insisting that he should try a cigar. But in spite of these friendly attentions, and the cheering words which accompanied them, the slim man remained silent and shivering, brooding over some dark secret, known only to himself and his friend. When the stout man found that all his efforts to cheer the other were unavailing, he turned away with a muttered execration, and troubled himself no further in the matter, but went on smoking his cheroots, and watching all my movements attentively, as though he feared I might play him false.

He asked me the name of each station that we passed, and its distance from Mellingshall; and he became temporarily excited once or twice, when the red light (the signal to stop) was exhibited at some station; at which times I had to slacken speed, and whistle till the green light took its place, when we again put on all steam, and tore on our way. The cold glitter of a pistol-barrel would meet my eye at such times, and a muttered caution would fall on my ear, to beware that I did not attempt treachery. But the dangerous point

once passed, the pistol would disappear for a while, and the stout man would go on smoking more furiously than ever, as if to make up for lost time. He took out his watch once or twice; and when he held it to the lamp to see the hour, I had for the moment a clear view of his face.

He was by no means ill-looking, and seemed to be about forty years old. He wore a thick black moustache, but the rest of his face was closely shaven; he had dark piercing eyes, that seemed to look through you, and, for the rest, was, in manners and appearance, as much a gentleman as nine-tenths of those who usurp that honorable title.

I kept the furnace of the Firefly well supplied with fuel, and she went along at a gallant pace, for I was determined to end this strange journey as soon as possible. Past one mile-post after another, standing whitely out against the dark embankments; with ever and anon a station, big or little, rushing madly up to us, staring at us blankly for a single second, and calling to us with a thousand iron tongues to stop, as it receded swiftly away into darkest space; under bridges innumerable, each of them a span of blackness that vanished in an instant; then into the great tunnel, grapped and lost in its breath of steam and smoke, awakening its thousand echoes that have little time for sleep; and so out again into the fresh cool night; away—past silent farmstead, and sleeping village, and great furnaces that flare their hearts out to the unheeded stars: onward we went till Burkleigh station was reached, and sixty miles of journey had been achieved.

I gathered from the stout man's observations that he was well acquainted with this part of the country, and that our flight in the dark was now almost ended; indeed, the Firefly, good little engine though she was, could not have held out much longer without a further supply of water.

"Half-way between Burkleigh and the next station," said the stout man, "is the point where I wish to stop. You will make your arrangements accordingly; and you will further understand, that when I leave the engine, you will accompany me. I cannot afford to dispense with the pleasure of your company just yet."

Here was a new view of the case with a vengeance! and just as I was calculating how comfortably I could work my way back to Mellingshall, and reach home in time for an early breakfast.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose; he stopped me sternly, and at once. "Run your engine off the main line on to the first siding you come to," said he; "and, for the rest, hold your tongue."

I slackened speed at once; and about a mile further on we came to a small branch-line leading to a colliery some distance away. Here the slim man got down, and held the points open by my direction, while I ran the Firefly off the main line, and brought her to a stand. This done, I let off the steam, and raked some of the fire out of the grate, while the others stood by watching me impatiently. When all was done that was necessary, the stout man took me by the shoulder, and addressed me impressively.

"Look here, my young friend," said he, "you have acted sensibly to-night in not disputing my orders. Continue to do as I tell you, and no harm shall befall you; but attempt to deceive me, or to take French-leave, and you will have something sent after you that will silence you forever. On one point make your mind easy—I am a dead shot; I never miss my aim."

"Go ahead," said I, sulkily; "you needn't talk so much about your confounded pistol."

The stout man replied with a laugh, and slinging the despatch-box by a strap over his shoulder, led the way at a quick pace from the branch-line over a tract of rising ground, out on to a wide stretch of bleak moorland, intersected by several roads, never hesitating for a moment as to the path he ought to take, but leading the way as confidently as though he were familiar with every inch of ground, which probably he was. I followed close behind, and with the slim man brought up the rear. After walking thus for a mile or two, we came to a plantation of firs, the edge of which skirted the road we were traversing. The stout man whistled twice in a peculiar way, and we all stood still to listen. In a moment the response came—a similar whistle, and close at hand. Next we heard the noise of wheels, and presently a carriage of some kind came out of a narrow lane, that ran by one end of the plantation, and drove slowly up to where we were standing. As well as I could make out by that light, it seemed nothing more than an ordinary hackney-coach, with perhaps a better horse than common in the shafts; while as for the driver, he was so thoroughly muffled up, that it would have been impossible to recognize him again. He began to swear at us, as soon as he got near

enough to be heard, for having kept him waiting so long; but at a few whispered words from the stout man, his objurgations lapsed into a muttered curse or two, and then died away in sulky silence. We three pedestrians, together with the despatch-box, were quickly inside the cab; the windows were closed, and the blinds pulled down; and we were driven off at a good pace, which was kept up without break or rest for what seemed to me a very long time, till at last we rattled over the paved streets of some town, and about five minutes later came to a stand. I had some acquaintance with that part of the country, and I knew that within a radius of fifteen miles from the point where we left the engine, three country towns were situated, all of them busy, populous places. To which of these three towns had I been taken? On this point I was as helpless to form a judgment as if I had been born blind.

On alighting from the vehicle, I had only time to take one hasty glance round, and to observe that we had been driven into a small court or enclosed yard, overlooked by high gloomy buildings on every side, when a door in front of us was silently opened, and we all went in. The door seemed to close of its own accord behind us; and the next moment a light appeared at the further end of the long passage in which we were standing, carried by one of the most singular-looking beings these eyes have ever beheld. He seemed, at the first glance, more like a resuscitated corpse than anything else; he was very old, and very withered, with a wicked shrivelled-up little face—the face of a century-old ape, lighted up with two eyes, so restless, cunning, and suspicious, that they seemed to distrust everybody, himself included. He was dressed in an old red flannel dressing-robe, which fell in voluminous folds to his slippered feet, while his cadaverous jaws were bound up in a dirty white handkerchief, fastened in a huge knot on the top of his head, on which a few spiky hairs were still sparsely scattered. Holding a lamp above his head with a shaking hand, he grinned a hideous welcome to us, and addressed the stout man with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Welcome home again, Mr. William—welcome home!" he mumbled. "What luck, eh—what luck? But who are these? Strangers, eh? Friends of yours, did you say? But are they safe, Mr. William—are they safe?"

Chattering thus, the old man led the way into a large but plainly-furnished room, where a table was laid ready for supper, showing that the arrival of one or more had been expected. Another plate was quickly brought, and the slatternly-looking middle-aged woman who waited upon us served up a plain substantial supper, to which we all did ample justice. The slim man seemed, if such a thing were possible, to grow more moody and despondent with every mouthful that he ate. Behind his chair stood Black Care, the terrible, the unbidden, and poisoned the contents of cup and platter with a touch of its skeleton finger. As for the old man, he mumbled and jabbered away in his aspish, inane fashion, unheeded by everybody, Mr. William being just then too much pre-occupied with his own thoughts to pay the least attention to him.

When supper was over, Mr. William and the old man left the room together; but in a few minutes, the former came to the door, and beckoned to me to follow him. I accordingly stumbled after him up a long dark flight of stairs, and was finally ushered into a room having a small camp bedstead in one corner; while close to the brightly-blazing fire stood a large easy-chair and a small table, in the former of which the old man was already seated.

"You will have to make yourself comfortable here for the night," said the stout man, turning to me. "That bed is at your service; and here," patting the old man on the shoulder, "is one who will attend to your requirements. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

So saying, he quitted the room, locking the door behind him; and I was left alone with the old man, who grinned and nodded his withered head at me; and pointing to a chair in the opposite corner, invited me, in a shrill quavering voice, to come and sit down by the fire, unless I felt disposed to go to bed at once. As I never felt less inclined for sleep in my life, I drew the chair up to the fire, and sat down opposite the old boy, who was busy concocting a basin of gruel for himself, he having taken no part in the supper down stairs. I tried him with a few questions, being especially desirous to know how long it was probable that I should be detained there against my will; but at each of my queries, the old rascal put on a vacant, puzzled look, and replied with something altogether irrelevant to my question, so that, after one or two futile efforts to get a sensible answer, I gave up the task in despair, and watched him in gloomy silence, while he took his gruel, seasoned largely with cognac.

Sitting thus, I heard from some far-off steeple the faint tones of a clock tell the hour of three, and I remembered for the first time that it was Sunday morning. It would not be daylight yet for three hours. Following close upon the striking of the clock came the rumble of a distant cab or mail-cart, rattling over the paved streets: there was a pleasant sense of companionship in the sound that spoke warmly to my heart, and brought with it an intense longing to escape.

To escape! was such a thing possible? My heart throbbed, and the blood rushed to my face when I first asked myself the question; so that when I looked up, and saw the old man's suspicious eyes fixed intently on me, I felt as if my hidden thoughts were discovered. But I sat very still, and strove to look as unconcerned as possible; and when the old man was again busy with his gruel, I set to work to evolve quietly out of my brain some plan of deliverance. The door, as I have already said, was locked on the outside; but even had it been otherwise, to venture down through the lower parts of the house would have been a most dangerous proceeding. The window, then, was the point to be considered. This was secured inside by stout shutters, but there would be no difficulty in opening them; the only real obstacle lay in the fact of the window being so high above the ground—far too high for me to drop from. Then there was the old man to dispose of; that, indeed, was the first thing to do, for once let him give the alarm, and all my efforts would be fruitless.

I sat brooding intently for about half an hour, at the end of which time I had thought out a plan which seemed to me the only one at all feasible. There were some small pieces of wood lying on the hearth, fragments left after the fire had been lighted. I picked up one of these, and in the course of a few minutes had fashioned it with my pocket-knife into a sort of rude spatula, round which I tied a piece of stout string that I found in one of my pockets. The old man sat watching my movements attentively, apparently unsuspicious of what I was about to do.

Everything was now ready for my attempt. Occasionally I heard the faint murmurs of voices below stairs, showing that there were other inmates of the house still awake; and now and then the opening or shutting of a distant door sounded preternaturally loud at that quiet hour. I confess that now the final moment was come, my heart failed me for a minute or two, and I began to doubt my ability to carry out my plan to a successful issue. But this fit of weakness was of short duration, and gave place to an unfaltering resolution to do and dare everything to effect my escape.

I rose suddenly from my chair, stepped across the hearth in two strides, and seized the hoary rascal by the throat. "Speak, or make a noise, and I'll murder you!" I whispered sternly in his ear, and I passed the bright blade of my knife close before his eyes. Then before he had time to recover from the shock of an attack so sudden and unexpected, I had twisted the bell-rope into a large loop far out of his reach as he sat there. "Open your mouth," I said to him, "but do not speak, or you die." He was shivering with fright, and had hardly sense enough left to understand what I said. "Mercy! mercy! good young man," he gasped, and then the piece of wood was inserted between his teeth, and tied securely in its place, and he could say no more. I next fastened his hands behind him with my handkerchief, then drew a sheet off the bed, and cutting it with my knife into long strips, twisted these, and proceeded to tie him securely in his chair. When I had satisfied myself that he was so fastened that it would be impossible for him to release himself, and further, that he was in no danger of being choked by the gag, I turned my attention to the window; and having taken off my boots, so as to make as little noise as possible in crossing the floor, I proceeded to try the shutters, and after five minutes' patient labor, succeeded in opening them almost in silence.

The next point was the window; but I found, to my dismay, when I came to examine it, that it was composed of small diamond panes set in lead, and opened by means of a casement only, far too small to permit any hope of egress that way. My whole scheme seemed to collapse as I looked, for my intention had been to escape through the window, and reach the ground by means of a rope made out of the bed-clothes. What to do now, I knew not; and as I turned despairingly away, the old man's eyes met mine with a malignant glance of mingled rage and triumph. Suddenly a thought struck me. Although the stout man, on leaving the room, had locked the door behind him, was it not probable that the old man had in his possession another key that would open it? This was a question that I solved at once by searching him, and in one of his pockets I found a peculiar key—a master-key, I imagine it to have been, which

probably fitted every door in the house; at all events, it opened the door of my prison, as I was not long in discovering. Although this was only the first step towards my escape, I could not repress the joyous bounding of my heart when the door turned on its hinges, and I stepped cautiously out on the landing, and then stood listening to the murmur of the voices below stairs. But the most difficult part of my enterprise was still before me; this was to pass without discovery the open door of the room below, and then go down the second flight of stairs to the ground-floor, and so out by the first door I could find.

Before venturing down in the direction of the voices, I gave one last look round my prison, and examined once more the bonds of the old man; then I blew out the candle, and locked the door; and having removed the key, began to feel my way down the stairs, one at a time, pausing to listen between every step. Fortunately, the house was one of the old-fashioned kind, and strongly built; and not the faintest creaking of a stair betrayed my presence. At length I reached a large landing, giving access to four rooms. The door of one of these rooms was only partially closed, and through the opening shone a faint stream of light, while now and then a muttered word or two, whose tones I at once recognized, told me that there sat my captor and his friend. Their conversation was nearly over by the time I reached the landing, but they still seemed to be silently busy over something. What was the nefarious business that occupied them at such an unholy hour?

Noiseless as a shadow, I moved forward till I stood on the mat at the entrance to the room. The door was too far closed for me to see the occupants of the room, or for them to see me; but from where I stood, I could see the chimney-piece, and the large pier-glass which stood on it; and in this glass I could see the reflection of the stout man and his friend—could see, too, distinctly, what they were doing, which kept them so silent and so busy.

They had got the brown leather portmanteau open between them, and were intently examining its contents, which consisted of watches, chains, rings and pins, together with several small boxes filled, apparently, with precious stones of different kinds—all, without doubt, the proceeds of some great robbery. I stood like one fascinated, forgetting for the moment the danger of my position. At length the stout man spoke. "A very pretty little haul, Master Matthew!" said he. "As nice a stroke of business as I've done for a long time, and neatly done, too, though I say it that shouldn't. I've got two little black leather travelling-bags up stairs, which will do admirably to hold the swag. I'll go and fetch them, and then we'll make a fair division, as agreed on, and pack up, ready for a start. I must give a look to that young shaver up stairs, and see that he's all right."

He got up, and pushed back his chair. "Now, you stay here," he said, "while I run up stairs. I shall be back in five minutes, and then we'll go share and share alike."

I waited to hear no more, but hardly knowing what I did or whither I was going, sped noiselessly up stairs again. Before coming down, I had noticed on the upper landing a small closet or lumber-room, in which stood a large ragged screen. Intuitively the idea came into my mind to hide for a minute or two behind this screen, and take my chance of escape in a rush down stairs, while the stout man was engaged with the first surprise of the discovery that would greet him on entering the room where I had been confined.

By the time I had reached the landing, the stout man was ascending the lower stairs; and the same instant that I crept behind the screen, he paused, opposite the door to feel for his key, and the next moment the door of my prison was opened, and he went in. "Hallo! what's this? Why are you in the dark?" I heard him exclaim; and then I stole from my hiding-place, crossed the landing, and turning the key in the lock, made both him and the old man prisoners, and then rushed down the first flight of stairs at a breakneck pace. I paused for a second or two on the lower landing, noticing, with some surprise, as I did so that the room where the two men had been conferring only a minute before was now in darkness. Why had not the slim man awaited the return of his friend, as the latter had requested him to do? That, however, was a question which just then did not concern me.

I had now the lower flight of stairs to descend, and here I was obliged to proceed more cautiously, being unacquainted with the ground. I had turned two corners in safety, and was on the top of the last short flight, when a sudden thundering at the locked door above startled me from my balance, and I stumbled headlong down the remaining stairs, bursting open a door at the foot of them, and landing in a large kitchen, at the other door of which—the door leading into the street—

stood the slim man, with a very white face, trying with nervous haste to unfasten the bolts, and so let himself out. On the dresser close by his side stood the candle brought from up stairs, and at his feet the portmanteau shut and partially strapped. I understood his little game at a glance, even if his ghastly tell-tale face had not proclaimed it. He had taken advantage of his comrade's brief absence to abscond with *both* shares of the stolen property, trusting in the darkness to get clear away, and secure the whole of the booty to himself. A look of relief shot over his face when he saw that it was not his terrible comrade come to avenge his treachery. With a snarl of rage, he turned from the door, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired it point-blank at me just as I was rising from the ground. The wind caused by the bullet stirred my hair, but there was no further damage done, and before he had time to fire again, I had sprung at his throat, and we grappled together, and reeled from side to side of the room in a wild struggle for mastery. He was agile and wiry as a panther, and quite my equal in sheer physical strength, for you must remember that I was little more than a lad at that time; and it would perhaps have gone hard with me had I not brought to bear a little trick with the leg which I had learned among the Westmoreland wrestlers, which stole his feet from under him before he knew what was the matter, and brought him crashing to the ground, with me on the top of him. In falling, he struck his head with tremendous force against the edge of the oaken dresser, and next moment his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed, and a pallor as of death overspread his face. I thought in truth that he was killed.

All this time, the stout man was thundering at the door above stairs, making desperate efforts to get out; and as soon as I had struggled to my feet, the instinct to escape, to get away from that horrible house, came over me as strongly as before. I drew the remaining bolts, and opened the door, and felt the cool night-air blow freely over me with a feeling of thankfulness which no words of mine could express. I turned for a moment, as I crossed the threshold, for a last look at my opponent lying motionless across the hearth, and as I did so, my eyes fell on the portmanteau, and acting on the impulse of the moment, I seized it, and flinging it over my shoulder, closed the door behind me, and hurried away into the silent streets.

To the first constable whom I met, I gave myself and the portmanteau in charge, and was by him hurried off to the station, where I told my strange story in as few words as possible; and four constables were despatched to the house, which was at once recognized from my description, as it had long been looked on with suspicion. When they returned, it was in company of two out of the three inmates of the house; but the stout man had got clear away before their arrival. The slim man, who had recovered his wits by this time, finding the game up, volunteered a confession, the details of which were afterwards found to be substantially correct, and the chief points of which I will now give you as briefly as may be.

The jewelry, etc., contained in the portmanteau had been stolen from the establishment of Bellingham & Co., the great jewellers and silversmiths of Mellingshall. Mr. Bellingham's chief assistant and confidential servant was one Matthew Lamplough—he who has hitherto been designated as the slim man—a person who had gradually worked himself up from the position of shop-boy, till he had become practically the manager of the whole concern, for Mr. Bellingham was getting old, and glad to move some of the cares of business on to more youthful shoulders. But Lamplough's ambition at last overstepped his prudence, as he found to his cost, when he one day asked the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—his daughter, who was so handsome and so accomplished, and would some day have thirty thousand pounds to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would let him speak, was a peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the vileness of Matthew's origin—he had gone to Bellingham & Co.'s from the workhouse—and followed up by the intimation that he, Matthew, should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment. Matthew vowed to be revenged, and he kept his word. He made the acquaintance of an individual going by the name of Captain de Vaux—who was staying for a few weeks at the best hotel in Mellingshall. De Vaux wormed himself into Matthew's confidence, and heard from his lips the narrative of his wrongs, as he deemed them to be; and then by slow degrees he unfolded a plan by which Lamplough might both revenge and enrich himself at the same time. Matthew stared aghast at the proposal when it was first

unfolded to him; but the cunning De Vaux gradually familiarized him with the idea, till at length he seized it with avidity. The first thing to do was to obtain duplicate keys of the strong boxes in which the stock of Bellingham & Co. was stored in the cellars below the shop. Wax impressions of the genuine keys were easily obtained by Matthew, from which De Vaux had real keys manufactured.

Mr. Bellingham always left town on Saturday evenings, to spend Sunday at his villa in the country, the premises being left in charge of Matthew and two other assistants. Matthew was to ask leave of absence from Saturday night till Monday morning; and after the departure of Mr. Bellingham, go down into the cellars, open the safes with his false keys, load his portmanteau with the most valuable property he could find, relock the safes, and then quietly take his departure, as though he were going on his proposed journey. All this was safely accomplished. Lamplough got out of the house without being suspected by his fellow-servants, but not till half an hour past the time agreed on, so that when he and De Vaux reached the station, they found the last north train had been gone five minutes. Their plan had been to get down by train to the station nearest De Vaux's house, then take the cab which would be in waiting for them, and so reach home about one o'clock in the morning. Here the spoil was to be divided, the necessary disguises assumed; and by six o'clock on Sunday morning, they were to be on board one of the foreign steamers which started at that hour from a neighboring port, by which means they would be safe out of England before the robbery was discovered.

The old man was too cunning to allow himself to be implicated in any way. Captain de Vaux was merely his lodger, he said; as to what his pursuits were, he knew nothing; and he had been requested to take care of me as being a mild lunatic, whom De Vaux was about to conduct to a private asylum. The *soi-disant* Captain de Vaux was captured several years after in France, for a daring robbery committed in that country, and condemned to the *travaux-forcees* for—I forget how many years.

"THAT MEAN WOMAN."

BY M. A. BATES.

"THAT mean woman will ruin us, yet, George! Only see that string of customers passing into her store!"

George Dickson's face grew savage in its look, as he paused in his employment of rolling ribbons behind the counter, to direct his attention over the way to the millinery store, whose neat sign proclaimed Lucy Vincent as proprietress.

"The darned mean old maid," he snapped, spitefully, while his wife, who was standing by the door, reflected this feeling in her every feature. "Yes," pursued Dickson, as they eagerly regarded the little black-clad figure actively supplying the customers he coveted. "I would rejoice if something awful should happen to that mean woman to repay her for drawing off our trade, by her lies about us and our goods. Something must be done, Clara, to enable us to get a revenge upon her."

"Suppose we mortgage our cottage and raise money to flourish a larger and superior stock than hers," suggested his wife, eagerly.

"A good idea," said Mr. Dickson, approvingly; "and all is, when I get our store refurnished, if people are still such fools as to prefer her poor trash, I'll just sell at cost, or any way, so that we can nettle her and ruin her trade."

"I rather guess," returned his wife, pressing her lips, "that she'll be made to regret having, by her artifice, turned her best friends against her. But there, George," she continued, with sudden doubt, "what if she should imitate us in this way?"

"No danger of that; for I'm sure that she can't have any money except what she has invested in her business," replied Dickson, confidently.

About a week succeeding the above conversation, Frank Vernon—a cousin of the derided milliner—popped into her store, exclaiming, as he pointed over to Dickson's:

"I declare, Lu, I wouldn't give much for all the custom you'll have now. Those new goods in his window are superb! But, after all, cox," he added, looking half pityingly

away from them to her, "he may not be able to sell many of them, for people know what a real hog he has proved in not only wanting his own share of patronage, but trying, by fibbing about you, to get yours. Any one can see what all this new display on his part means."

"Frank," said the little woman, while her brown eyes moistened, "you cannot tell how miserable I feel over this estrangement between the Dicksons and myself. A year ago, before I commenced business, we were the warmest of friends, as you know; and what evil person led them to believe that I depreciated their goods to my customers I cannot think. I've always been willing—yes, glad to see them prosper, and have frequently sent persons, whom I couldn't supply, to trade with them."

"You can be sure that nothing has given them so unmerited a thought of you save their own jealous hearts," replied young Vernon, positively. "Don't cry, Lu, I'll tell you how you can spite them—I'll lend you money enough to buy up a stock which will outshine theirs to their misery, I guess!"

"I thank you, cousin, for your goodness," she responded, her voice trembling from her painful thoughts, but firmly adding, "I never will bribe my better nature to do such a meanness. No! I don't envy them at all any luck that their beautiful goods may bring them. I wish that an understanding could occur between us; but I'm sure, from their hard talk of me to others, that they do not want to be friends again."

"Lu, you're altogether too kind and forgiving," said her spirited relative, who hurried away, thinking of the one whom he had just left; how she had struggled, and nobly, to support herself since she went out almost moneyless from the mortgaged home of her dead parents. He thought, with his love growing brighter for his unpretending cousin, of her goodness to Jeremy, the poor, crippled wood-sawyer, for whom she had prepared food and comfortable clothing so long. He could seem to hear, as he walked on, the praises and blessings which were throbbing for her in the heart of this poor old man.

"Hallo! Been a pretty smart fire since I left Oakland! Were the merchants who lost their goods mostly insured?"

"A few, only," responded the policeman, as he turned to the speaker who had just reached the black ruins caused by the terrible fire of the night previous. "There's where Lucy Vincent used to keep," he added, pointing to a huge black space in the walls before them.

"O, yes, I recollect," returned the one addressed, with lively interest. "I hope she was insured. Was she not?"

"I'm glad to hear that she was, fully so," the policeman answered.

"Thank Heaven!" replied the other, fervently, "for there never was a kinder-hearted woman than she is! I've often wondered how she could be so lenient towards those Dicksons who, I see, haven't been neglected by the fire-fiend. They used to tell the greatest lies about her, and just before I left Oakland, tried to ruin her by flourishing the most elegant stock of millinery goods to be had in the city."

"Well," replied the policeman, with a half chuckle, "they didn't have that pleasure, for, you see, conscientious people, understanding their motive, and being aware of their envy and harshness towards the good little woman, wouldn't buy of them as they expected. They're flat enough, now; for these very goods, which he mortgaged his cottage to its full value to procure, hadn't the first cent of insurance on them."

"Who's his mortgagee?"

"Bond, the flour-dealer," answered the policeman.

"I pity his case, then," was the other's brief yet significant reply.

"So do I," agreed his friend, emphatically; "for a harder man about money affairs don't walk the street than Grant Bond. And, I was about saying, I heard him declare this morning that, if Dickson didn't pay up his mortgage note in a month's time, which will terminate the period for which it was to run, he would sell the house over their heads! But, after all, though Dickson is a mean fellow in some respects, yet I think it's a shame for old Bond to make this threat, when he and all his family are sick, and so painfully situated."

"Rather rough, surely," coincided the other, turning away, adding, "Grant Bond will keep his word if it send a man to perdition the next moment."

"Is your mistress any better, Ann?"

"Sorry a bit," answered the Irish girl, whom Mr. Dickson, coming into his house, had thus anxiously interrogated.

"Has Mr. Bond called?" he again asked, a look of despair darkening his pale face.

"Yes," said Maggy, "and shure his coming and spaking in the cruel way about the sale is what has made her no better, jist! O, the hard-hearted ould thing!"

Without a reply, George Dickson hastened away from his indignant servant, and sought the presence of his sick wife, whom he had previously left to drag himself, in his almost helpless state, up town.

Poor Mrs. Dickson, lying there so still and pale upon her couch, little resembled the angry and revengeful woman of a few months before. Her manner also indicated, as she replied so brokenly to her husband's remarks, as he took a seat near her, that her misfortunes, both pecuniarily and bodily, had burnt out with their fire these feelings in her heart. Grief, only grief, was sobbing there now at the thought that this night would be the last which their relentless mortgagee would allow them to call their pretty little cottage, *home*.

All at once Clara raised herself upon her pillow, looking anxiously at the despairing man, whose face was pressed tightly against his thin hands.

"Did you succeed, George?" she asked, in a low, yet eager tone. She gasped and moaned together the next moment as her husband lifted his face from his hands, and his hollow eyes flashing out all the desolation and wretchedness he had till now hidden within him, when in her presence. It was a weary half hour before he answered the question which his pitying wife wished she had not asked; then he said, in weak tones:

"No, Clara; I have tried to persuade every moneyed man that I know in Oakland to loan me money enough to prevent the auction of our home to-morrow. They all sneered, and said that their taking a new mortgage on this cottage would only prove a sham; for one so incapable of business or work as I now am would never pay them, and then they would have the bother, as they called it, of advertising and selling it before they could even obtain a cent, and of which they might be in immediate want."

"But our furniture," said poor Mrs. Dickson, almost despairingly; "we can live on the sale of that a little while—it will give us shelter somewhere."

"Dear wife," returned her husband, tremblingly, "I—I might as well tell you all. During our sickness, I had to mortgage that to procure us necessaries. We must go to the alms-house until I can get strength to work again."

"God help us!" sobbed the sick woman, who knew how this alternative cut the soul of her sick yet still proud husband.

The ensuing night Mr. Dickson never slept, but walked in a distracted state from his wife's room to the one where his two little sons were slowly recovering, under the faithful Maggie's care, from the violent fever which had prostrated himself.

The auction was to occur in the morning at nine o'clock, and not few were the times that he wished he might die before the coming of that time which would make them all paupers. And as the morning dawned he began to blame with less bitterness, those who had refused him the sum he asked, without being able to give them security; for he felt that he should have acted a like part had he been so importuned by a person in his own situation. The thought of Miss Vincent's good fortune in being insured against the accident which had brought him his misery, made him almost frantic; for there was still in his heart a blind hatred for her, and now, at this time, his mind alighting on the contrast between her lot and his, he felt still more bitterness to her.

Six o'clock in the morning, Maggie had made her master some tea. After drinking some, to calm him, as he thought, for the approaching sale, his wife persuaded him to take some rest, so he reluctantly went and laid down in the cozy sitting-room.

He might have remained there half an hour, in the sleep prostration had forced upon him, when the quick ring of the door-bell over his head aroused him. He started up, determined to give Bond, as he thought the one who had disturbed him, the full measure of the indignant words which his agitation brought up at the thought that the grim mortgagee had come thus early to encroach upon this last morning in their home. He jerked back the hall door with all the force of his feeble strength; but the kind face that looked its pity into his surprised one, little resembled that of the rough, stern Grant Bond—Miss Vincent, his enemy, stood before him. In his astonishment he could not speak; but when her little hand glided into his, with its hearty pressure, he managed, without a like reciprocation, to coldly ask her if she wouldn't walk in. She assented quickly, and he led the way, wondering what had brought her hither, into the little sitting-room, where he seated himself, after having placed a chair for her, distant from himself. Without heeding the

slight, the little milliner laid her hand upon it and drew over by his side. She looked embarrassed as she took her seat, for she saw how freezingly he regarded her. However, the unselfish and admirable object warming her heart soon forced her doubts away, and brought out on every feature of her pale face a beautiful light.

"Mr. Dickson," she said, her tone slightly trembling, "I returned to Oakland last night, after an absence of some weeks. Some friends called upon me, and I was surprised and grieved to learn from one of them how much trouble you were in. Indeed," she quickly went on, as Dickson was about uttering, in his belief that she had come here to triumph over him, a scoffing, What's that to you? "I had no idea before how sick you all were, or I should have left the place of my visit and hastened to aid you in every way I could."

"O, O," groaned the discouraged man, softened by her words, "I—"

"There is one thing further," interrupted little Miss Vincent, taking a huge wallet from her reticule; "I became aware from some informant that Grant Bond had meanly determined to deprive you of your home to-day; and O sir," with a wavering voice, "it made my heart ache when I heard of your vain endeavors to obtain money to avert an occurrence so cruel in your present helplessness. Take this and use it, dear sir, as the welcome loan of a friend who feels for your sorrow."

Before he was hardly aware of it, Lucy had thrust the wallet into his agitated hands. In his great astonishment he could scarcely believe that there, beneath that leather, was his redemption; and, most of all, that it was she, his despised enemy, who so generously brought it. He looked from it to her in a sort of daze, as shame, remorse and gratitude struggled within him. Then, for he had suffered much, he burst into tears.

"Dear, noble woman!" he cried, grasping the hand which was on its way to conceal the emotion all over her face, "can you ever forgive us!"

Did not her noble act assert her entire good feeling? Yet to please him she assured him in words that all was forgotten. Then she told him, as he expressed his fears that the loan which he declared should be paid before long, if he lived, would embarrass her in her business, how she had for nearly three years deposited money in the bank, and this, with a sum she had borrowed from her willing Cousin Frank, was the loan which he now held.

In a moment more, Dickson led the way to his wife's room, where the good news he brought renovated her like magic; and her heart was also repentant and grateful as she embraced the friend who had proved no summer one.

Grant Bond, dropping in a short time later, was very much surprised to hear Dickson request the note which had enabled him to cruelly determine the poor man's ruin; and his wonder increased as George Dickson paid over to him, without any bravado, the unexpected favor. The hard mortgagee left the note, and went away with a conjecture puzzling him of who it could have been that had shown mercy to his victim.

So the lowering shadow passed away from over George Dickson's head. His family recovered, while his own health at length enabled him, without embarrassing his cottage, to pay the debt which had redeemed it. And now, to this day, the hearts of himself and wife are full wells of grateful love flowing out to their friend and saviour—THE LITTLE MILLINER.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.

The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, this rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The face, from the highest point on the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. The chest is one-fourth: and from the nipple to the top of the head is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division terminates the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The navel is the central part of the human body, and if a man should lie on his back with his arms extended, the periphery of the circle which might be described around him, with the navel for the centre, would touch the extremities of his hands and feet. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended. The Greeks made all their statues according to the above proportions.

ON KISSING.

BY PERRY BENJAMIN PIERCE.

[Dionysius Lambinus, an honest old commentator, in his notes upon Lucretius, sagaciously observes, "*Suaviùs viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labiis!*" which, being interpreted, signifieth, "Girls who have large lips kiss very much sweeter than their more delicate-mouthed sisters!"]

Tell me not—O, tell me not,
Thou grave philosopher of kisses,
That man's supremest, sweetest lot,
In searching out these hidden blisses,
Is found 'mong girls whose mouths so wide appear,
That one would think they stretched from ear to ear!

No! my taste, perhaps, than some
More critical and prudish is,
But the dainty, rosy lip that 's won
By teasing, most my relish is:
For by it's pouting blush it seems to say,
"Come, if you dare; I 'll meet your own half-way!"

And the lip that larger is,
Whose size knows neither band nor fetter,
May do, perhaps, for his
Who never felt or tasted better;
But, O, that lip is mine, so small and sweet,
Whose coyish touch proves always such a treat!

Then keep your large-lipped maid,
But leave for me her small-mouthed sister;
For as light illumines shade,
So glows my soul when once I've kissed her
Fresh lips that, with so much of *naïveté*,
So roguish seem to get right in the way!

OCEAN-PEARL:

—OR,—

THE FISHERMAN'S TREASURE.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

THE clear fresh voice came carolling cheerily across the water. It struck pleasantly upon Martin's ear as he sat on the sand making nets. He caught up the refrain, "Row, brothers, row."

Martin's singing was wonderful! His great gruff voice, heard above all others, mid the fiercest howling of storm and tempest, softened now as he sang, into melody as magically sweet as the breathings of a flute. His weather-beaten face lighted up as he sang. He was so glad she was coming home—his joy, his treasure, little "Ocean-pearl." No mother's love could be greater than the absorbing affection Martin felt for this, he had picked out of the sea.

He watched the little dory as she made for the shore; the shining drops fell in glittering showers from the glancing oars, as up through the golden track made by the slanting rays of the setting sun, floated the fairy-boat. The fearless eyes of the fisherman's child gazed straight forward, unblinded, into the dazzling glare. As the keel grated upon the pebbly bottom, the girl bounded like an antelope from the bows and knelt on the sand by Martin's side, her whole frame quivering with excitement.

"O, papa Martin! I have got *so* much to tell you. Don't you think—did you know that—that they—O, dear, *dear*, DEAR me. I can't say it right at all."

"My child,"—he drew her to him as he spoke, smoothing tenderly her wind roughened locks,—"have the sights and sounds of the great city turned completely this little head?"

"Wait till I tell you all about it, Marty dear," replied the child, breathlessly.

"But you know you went on business; let us hear about that first."

Nene—that was what Martin had named her, for it was what her own baby lips had lisped the night he found her. Nene had drawn herself up with a dignified air.

"Did you bring me the check from the bank?"

Very importantly, she brought from the deepest recesses of her pocket a folded bit of paper.

"The letter, you carried that?"

A brisk nod for answer.

"Did you pay all the bills?"

"Yes," very short.

It was a new thing to have Martin asking so many questions, just now especially. It really seemed as though he were trying to put what she wanted to tell him off as long as possible.

"Let me see," he went on; "you are sure you remembered the butcher."

"Yes, yes, yes, the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, I remember them all."

"Did my little housekeeper get the bed-screws and the new soup-ladle?"

"They are all in the boat."

"O, I know what you forgot. My dark lantern."

"But I didn't though."

Nene was hopping on one foot with impatience, somewhat vexed at this treatment. Just then she caught the twinkle in Martin's eye, and then Miss Nene took justice summarily into her own hands, by pouncing like a little sea-gull upon the half-finished net and racing desperately away with it. Helter skelter, hither and thither, dodging behind rocks, stumbling into the long looped sea-weed! Heigho! but that was a fine game of romps they had on the sand that day. Indeed Martin seemed strangely awkward and clumsy, and at last he sank down as if in despair. A merry shout of victory and a skillful fling and she had him in the net.

"Now, you naughty man, you're caught. What shall I do with my pretty little fish? O, I know. You shall stay just so, while I tell you the news. *That* shall be your punishment."

The big "fish" stayed very composedly in his cage, while Nene arranged matters to suit her own convenience. First she patted him on the head, and then telling him he looked "a little mite sharkish," she drew away as if afraid, and finally seated herself, all in a heap, and resting her chin very comfortably between her two knees, told her story.

"I shall begin at the very beginning, papa. As I went up the river, I saw the flags flying from the steeples, and all the ships had hoisted their colors. Nearer the city, the water was alive with little boats. O, it was a brave sight! Every one was dressed in their best, and everybody nodded at me gayly. 'Ah, here comes little Ocean-pearl come up to see the lords and ladies too,' they said. So I rowed along slowly, and by-and-by I came to the grand ships, and there were beautiful ladies on the decks, and bands of music playing, and alongside there were barges moored, with silken cushions and curtains the color of the sky, and rows of white oars tipped with gold. They didn't seem strange to me at all, only *nice*. I know I have seen just such boats sometime before. You see they had come from Spain, to visit the lord mayor."

"And what has Spain to do with my little ocean-pearl?" asked Martin.

"Spain? Did you not say it was my country, and that some day you would take me there? I am tired waiting. O, I want you to go back in one of those ships. I know I shall find my mother. I feel it way down here."

She stood upright, clasping both hands over her heart. No sun could tan or wind freckle her. Her pure skin shone out clear and white as alabaster, or as the pearly inner lining of an oyster. It was the fishermen along the coast who had adopted the name of ocean-pearl; and she well became her name. She was beautiful, with a rare, highbred Spanish beauty, that struck every beholder.

"Child, child!" Martin's voice trembled, but his face was hid behind the meshes of the net. "Why should you care for your mother? Cannot you be content with old Martin the fisherman? Has he not been a father and a mother both, to you, these ten years?"

"I shall never leave you, you know, but O, Marty, I *do* want my mother, besides."

She unwound the net as she said this, and clung round his neck. The tears rolled over Martin's cheeks as he took her in his arms.

"It is ten years ago to-night, ten years, and just the same appealing look in your baby eyes. And I, a heart-broken, despairing man, whose sufferings had led him to shun the world as a mockery, who courted every danger, prayed for death, felt my heart bound and melt within me at sight of you. I prayed to live then. Yes, thank God! the last ten years have made up for all the trials that came before."

"You have been very good to poor Nene. Was that all the word I could say that first night, Nene?"

"Yes, and when you had said it you shut your baby eyes smilingly, and fell fast asleep as content with my rough nursing, as with a mother's lullaby."

"Now, tell it all over, wont you?"

Martin could never resist the child's pretty coaxing.

"It was a dreadful storm!" he began with a shudder; "there has not been such a one since. The great waves rose up mountains

high, and lashed against the rocks white with fury. The night was black as death, except when the lightning would shoot athwart the heavens. By the lurid glare I saw a ship driven among the breakers. I launched my lifeboat. I knew there was hardly a chance, but I courted death then. I could hear the ship's guns booming, but when the next light came she had sunk. All on board went down with her."

"Only me. You saved me, you know," said Nene, with eyes of vivid splendor.

"Yes, all sunk but you. My boat rode like a cockle-shell on the waters, pitching violently down into the trough of the sea, or tossing like a crazy thing on the topmost crest of the angry waves. At last it swamped, and I had a good mind to give up further effort and perish, but something beyond my own will urged me on. A spar dashed up against me, and I turned upon my back and clutched it."

"O Marty! to think that was me." Nene drew a long breath.

"Yes, when I finally made land, I found that what I held in my grasp, was a little child bound firmly to a spar. The moon was shining out full and clear by that time, for the tempest had suddenly ceased. I feared you were dead, you were so cold and white."

"Then what did you do?"

Nene always asked the same questions at the same places; for Martin had wiled away many an hour with the oft-repeated recital. But she always listened to it with the same thrilling, unflagging interest. Martin went on with the story.

"Then I carried you to the hut, and tried every means to bring you to life, and when I had begun to despair, you woke to consciousness. Poor baby! how you sobbed and moaned, and held out your little hands. I took you to my heart, and felt the Lord had known what was best for me. For I had prayed for death, and he had sent me you."

"Don't stop, papa Martin. I always like what comes next best."

"And so do I," said the old man. "I shall never outlive the exquisite sensation that thrilled my whole being when you nestled up to me, and stealing both your tiny hands round my neck lisped out your name Nene. Then you cuddled down on my shoulder and went to sleep still clinging to me. I vowed then to protect you and study your interests; even, if need be, carry you myself in search of your kindred. I have hesitated long, but now I will no longer delay it. We will go to Spain."

"And that's the end!" She thought a minute. "Do you suppose that is really my name?"

"It may be: your clothes are marked with a coronetted 'N.' The coronet stamps you nobly born."

"And now we are going to Spain?"

"Yes," answered Martin, with a sigh.

He knew it would come sometime. He could not expect always to keep his treasure. It was time he tried to do her justice. He had dreaded to hear what she had to tell him, for he foreboded what it would lead to.

"Do not look so sad," cried Nene. "Are you not sure that I shall never consent to be parted from you? We shall live so happily, there in Spain, after I have found mother. But is it not strange, papa Martin, that I never think of finding my own papa? Something tells me he sunk with the wreck. But we three will live very happily. We will have a splendid villa embowered in an orange grove, down by the sea. Will we not?"

Martin shook his head sorrowfully.

"Why can't you live in Spain, as well as here?" asked the child.

"Because—I am a Spaniard myself, and many years ago things you could not understand, embittered me against home and country. My true name is Martinico De Scoto, and it is a high and powerful family to whom the name belongs. It is thirty years since I have spoken my right name, until now. But for your sake, I will take it again; will go to Spain. I know you are Spanish; your looks, your manner, your accent, all declare it; and the pieces of the wreck that drifted ashore were of Spanish make."

"I know so, too," said the child, passionately.

"It is but a slender thread to go by, but we will follow it up closely. The money I have hoarded all these years, knowing no use for it, will serve us well now. Come, Nene, it is getting late, let us go in. To-morrow we will be getting ready for our journey."

Nene walked on slowly. This was a great change that was coming to her. She looked wistfully about her. She always thought of the spot, in after years, as it looked that night. A wild bleak point stretching far out into the sea. The wildest, bleakest part of the whole of that coast. High banks of sand, with here and there a huge boulder, nothing that looked like a human habitation, only the black hull of a ship rising out of the sand.

This was what Martin called his hut. This was where he and the child lived. The port-holes served for windows, and the inner part spoke well for Martin's mechanical skill and genius. She thought, too, of the rude fishermen along the coast. She had been as a queen among their wives and daughters. They had ever recognized in her something above their own coarser natures. It was they who had given her the picturesque name of "Ocean-pearl." She said to herself, that she would never forget them, as long as she lived.

The next day the sun rose fair, and soft, and radiant. Martin the fisherman mended no nets on the sand that day, and the child's purchases of yesterday lay unthought-of in the boat. The sun rode on to its zenith. Then Martin and his child went out on the sands. You might have known the two belonged to a warmer clime by the way they luxuriated in the hot rays. The blue smoke curled lazily up from Martin's meerschaum, as he half-lay with his eyes closed. Nene could just see, far to the southward, a whale spouting.

They neither of them knew of the curious ship, that, with white sails all set and filling in the breeze, bore down towards them. The figure-head at the bows, half-woman, half-fish, glittered and seemed to move its golden burnished scales as alive. The dainty barge, with its score of swarthy foreign-dressed rowers, put off from the vessel's side. Nearer and nearer they came; a lady seemed to be urging them on. She was nearly buried in the pale-blue cushions, covered over with rare East Indian shawls, centres of vivid scarlet contrasting richly with their borders of heavy fringed gold.

Nene had often imagined how her mother would look, pale-faced and sweet-looking, with soft eyes searching ever for something lost. She was buried in one of those day-dreams now, as she gazed absently out upon the water, seeing nothing but the whale spouting, and the sea meeting the sky. When Martin touched her she turned absently.

"Mama, Mama!" She stretched out her arms to the soft-eyed lady. Here, then, was the reality of the dreams and longings. Martin could not but believe in the resemblance between the two; he placed Nene in her mother's arms. No other proof was needed beside this sudden faith that held their hearts.

The Spanish fleet sailed out of the harbor, after a while, bound for Spain, and Nene was carried away forever from the wild scene of her early childhood. Her name now was Nina Castella Fanella. So you see her own baby lips had fashioned the first name pretty closely, when she called it "Nene." And Martin, or rather Senor Martinico de Scoto, went with her. He walked the deck like a Spanish hidalgo. He was to live with Nina and her mother, and he was contented to go back to the world again, since he had something in it to love and cherish. All the rough fishermen flocked round Nina's ship, to take a last glimpse of the beautiful child who for ten years had beamed upon their rough lives like some shining star. Then tears dropped fast and thick as they bade her farewell.

"Good-by. Heaven be ever with you. The good God bless you, little Ocean-pearl," they said, huskily.

And never in all her grand and happy after-life did Nina Castella Fanella ever receive better wishes or more fervant blessings; yearly did she send them from over the seas many a substantial token of her remembrance for their kindness. And she lived as she had dreamed in a fair Spanish villa, midst ever blossoming orange-trees laved by the sunny waters of the Spanish main.

MOUNT LEBANON.

Lebanon is a range of mountains more than one hundred miles in length, and contains a population of more than four hundred thousand souls. To describe Mount Lebanon, would tax the powers of golden-tongued eloquence. It is so vast, so grand in all its proportions, so magnificent in its physical beauty, and sublime in its heights and depths, and lovely in its fruitful slopes and luxuriant valleys, that none but a master-spirit should attempt, either with pen or brush or tongue, to do justice to its character. In its natural beauty it is full of loveliness and grandeur. Its high peaks, far above the clouds, bask in the sunlight long after the sun has disappeared in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and receive its first warm glow as it rises in the east. Old friends are they—the mountain heights of Lebanon and the king of day—the last to part when the shadows of night hang as a garment upon that goodly mountain, and the first to greet when bright Aurora wakes the sleeping world; but with all this apparent friendship it ever turns the cold shoulder to the rising and the setting sun; and the snow that rests upon the summit resists the melting influence of the summer months, and cools their breezes.

Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

BALLOU FOR 1866.

The *twenty-third* volume of BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE will commence with the number for January.

The year 1865 has been the most prosperous of any since its establishment. We have averaged through the year a circulation more than *double* that ever attained by this Magazine under its former proprietor, being larger than that of any similar publication in the world. We account for this circumstance, from the fact that BALLOU gives more and better original articles than *any* other magazine, not excepting those, even, of more than double the cost.

Our readers are informed that we have several well-known and talented *new* contributors, who will furnish fresh stories and sketches for its pages, during the year 1866; that our engravings will be more than usually fine—nearly all of them being engraved expressly for the Magazine; while our poetry and humor, anecdotes and valuable miscellany, together with the funny pictures, will be unsurpassed.

During the year, we shall publish several charming stories, especially calculated to please the young of both sexes, and make them long for the monthly visit of BALLOU, as that of a dear friend. In short, we shall make this Magazine as *good* as ever, and improve every opportunity to *better* it.

TERMS FOR 1866.

Single subscriptions for 1866 will be $1.50; SEVEN COPIES, $9.00; THIRTEEN COPIES, $15.00. In other words, we will send a copy *gratis, one year*, to the persons who will send us *six* names with *nine dollars*, or *twelve* names with *fifteen dollars!*

☞ We will send THE AMERICAN UNION and BALLOU one year for $4.00. THE FLAG OF OUR UNION and BALLOU for $5.00. THE NOVELETTE and BALLOU for $3.25.

☞ We will send *all* the above publications together, one year, including MAGAZINE, AMERICAN UNION, FLAG OF OUR UNION and NOVELETTE, for $9.00!

The cheapest and best reading issued in this country.

Subscriptions should be sent in at once, in order to secure the January number as soon as issued.

RICHMOND IN THE PRESENT.

Having recently returned from a visit to the capital of the late Confederacy, in which we had ample facilities for informing ourselves thoroughly as to the existing condition of affairs, we propose to lay before our readers a brief summary of what we saw and heard while there. Much has been written on this topic that had best been left unpublished, for its tendency has been only to do harm. The highest duty of a journalist now, is to lend all his influence to the bringing back of the happy state of harmony that prevailed between North and South previous to the war. The Southern people are, we are convinced, sincere in their willingness to be true and loyal to the Government to which they have succumbed, and it is our duty to take them frankly by the hand.

No city in the South was more thoroughly wedded to the cause of the late Confederacy than was Richmond, and now no city is more prominent in the work of restoring the authority of the Government. Her public men are anxious to lead the people back to the paths from which they wandered, and the people, with but few exceptions, are prepared to sustain the president in his measures. The same men who controlled the press of the city during the war, and who did their utmost to destroy the Union, are in charge of the new journals, and are faithfully fulfilling their pledges to the Government. The proprietors of "The Republic," which is now the most loyal journal of the city, were, during the war, connected with "The Examiner," and "The Dispatch."

The city suffered severely by the fire which occurred at its evacuation by the Confederates. Almost the entire business portion lay in ashes. Thousands were by this terrible conflagration ruined in a few hours. The leading merchants of the city were impoverished, and the sudden destruction of the value of Confederate money made bankrupts of the entire population. There was no circulating medium during the war but this currency. Gold was to be had only at ruinous rates, and the suddenness of the collapse gave no one any chance to turn his "greybacks" into good money. When the evacuation and capture of the city occurred, the people found themselves without funds, and many of them without provisions. This caused great suffering. Many who had lived in wealth previous to this, were forced to depend on the rations issued by the Union forces. This suffering has been alleviated in a slight degree, but still prevails frightfully. It will increase during the winter, which in Northern Virginia is very severe. There are few who are able to lay in supplies of fuel, and we learned to our surprise that many, very many, have scarcely clothing enough to keep them from freezing during the winter.

Business is reviving. There is a vigorous trade with the North springing up again, and to this we look with great hope. A return of the old commer-

cial relations must be followed by a return of good feeling. The great difficulty, however, that merchants labor under is the scarcity of money. The people need almost everything that can be bought, but they have no money. The army and the throngs of visitors from the North have kept up a moderate circulation of "greenbacks," but the citizens have been able to purchase but a small portion of what they absolutely need.

The conduct of the army has done much to influence the feelings of the citizens. The brave men who have saved the Union have won great glory by their conduct in Richmond. They have treated the people with respect and sympathy—not as conquered foes, but as erring brethren who have been brought back home. Valor honors valor, and there has sprung up between the army and the people a warm feeling, which we hope and believe will continue to increase until it pervades our whole land.

If Richmond has erred, it has suffered terribly. The sword, fire, famine and sickness have carried sorrow to every hearthstone. Its best men are dead, or in want. Thousands of competent, energetic citizens are compelled to remain idle, without any hope of being able to maintain themselves or their families. Places that were once musical with the hum of machinery and the sounds of industry, now echo only to the footfall of the passer-by, and the city that once sat so beautiful on her seven hills, now bears upon her breast a hideous wound that half a century will not heal entirely. We talk of suffering here, but we can form but a faint conception of the extent to which it prevails not only in Richmond, but in the entire South. It is heart-rending; and what makes it worse is the fact that these men are our brethren, misguided and erring, but still our brethren.

They bear their trials bravely. They do not like to ask for assistance, but they need it greatly. During the winter, we doubt not, frequent appeals will be made to us to help them, and we hope for the honor of New England, they will be met heartily and promptly. This city, especially, has never been sparing of its sympathy when distress has asked for aid, and it will add a bright gem to the crown it wears so worthily by giving relief to the suffering South. What though the people of that section brought this trouble upon themselves? What though they might have been as happy and as prosperous as we, had they been true to their allegiance? Let us not forget that they are our countrymen—citizens of that Union which we have made greater and more glorious than ever. They are the countrymen of Washington—many of them the children of his compatriots, those giants of our iron age. Let us show them that we can forgive as well as resent, and that as we know how to meet them in a fair open fight, we know also how to greet them now as friends. What city is so fit to take the lead in this great and good work as Boston? Massachusetts had no better friend than Virginia when she needed aid in the good days gone by. Her heart is great and warm. She has done her duty to the Union. Now let her come forward and lead in the work of making that Union a happy one. She will never have a better opportunity.

The people of Richmond are representatives of the entire South. They are anxious to be united to us once more in heart as well as in name. The question for us to decide is whether we will receive them with kindness, or stand coldly by and see them suffer untold misery. We may depend upon it, the best way to make them love the Union, is to do what we can to help them in their day of trouble.

A WORD OF ADVICE.—"My dear," said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, "you should not hold your dress so very high in crossing the street."—"Then, ma," replied the maiden, "how shall I ever show the beauty of my flounced pantalettes, that have almost ruined my eyesight to manufacture? I'm sure I don't care if the beaux do look at me." Mrs. Dogberry spoke of "the sin of vanity and the beauty of decorum," and walked off to her chamber.

END OF THE WORLD.—A British army officer, Captain W. A. Baker, of the Royal Bombay Engineers, has at last settled the year in which the world will come to an end. In a work just published in England, entitled "The Day and the Hour: or, Notes on Prophecy. A Sketch of the Future, extracted from the Bible," he states that the day of Judgment is fixed for September 20, 1878. Notes due on the 20th will accordingly be payable on the 19th.

A SHARP WIFE.—During a divorce case in New York, a husband cross-examined his wife, and got a rap as follows: He claimed that she had wished him dead, and had expressed the wish before witnesses. She denied the statement. "Well," said he, "if you had got your wish and I had died, there would have been the devil to pay." "No," she answered, "I think the divil would have got his pay."

AN EARLY MARRIAGE.—As a specimen of early marriages, none is more remarkable than that of one of the Holkar's sons at Indore lately. The bridegroom is only six years old, and the bride three years old. The head ornaments of one of the elephants was made of pure gold. A salute of two hundred and ten guns announced to the people the union of the happy pair.

DRYING WET CANDLES.—In a village not far from Chester, a lady entered her kitchen and found her oven swimming with grease. On asking the servant, a Welsh girl, the cause, the maid answered with the greatest simplicity, "Look, you mistress, the candle was fall in the water and I was put her in the oven *to dry!*"

GOD AND THE SOLDIER.

In times of war to God we humbly pray
To bless our arms, and grudge no soldier's pay:
When danger 's o'er, they 're both alike requited,
God is forgot, and the poor soldier slighted.

A DOUBTFUL STATEMENT.—A correspondent, who has been travelling through Nevada, thinks the silver resources of that State "are sufficient to pay off a national debt of twenty billions, present each returned soldier of the Union with a silver musket, and then plate all our war vessels with silver thicker than they are now sheathed with iron."

NOT HIS FORTE.—When General Grant was a clerk in his brother's store at Galena, he was considered a man rather below mediocrity because he had to try two or three times before he could succeed in tying up a bundle neatly.

The Florist.

Crocus.

There are nearly a hundred named kinds of crocus, including hybrids and varieties; but there are only about thirty distinct species. All the kinds have bulb-tubers or corms, and they should not be taken out of the ground oftener than once in three years, being replanted as soon as possible. The commonest kinds are *C. vernus*, of which there are many varieties, all, however, having in them some shade of lilac mixed with white; *C. versicolor*, to which division belong the beautifully-feathered kinds of purple; *C. biflorus*, the Scotch crocus, striped white and purple, and generally the first to flower in spring; *C. susianus*, the cloth of gold, striped orange and very dark purple; *C. sulphureus*, very pale yellow, or cream-colored; and *C. luteus*, the common yellow. Besides these, there is *C. sativus*, the autumn-flowering crocus, or saffron, which is cultivated on a large scale, in some parts of England, particularly near Saffron Walden, in Essex, for its flowers, which, when dried, become saffron, and are used in dyeing. There are also large plantations of saffron in France; but in that country the bulb is frequently attacked by a fungus, which the French call *mort de safran*, which makes it wither up and perish. All the kinds of spring crocuses should be grown in light sandy loam well drained, and they may be planted either in rows or beds; or they may be made to form a kind of arabesque pattern in the borders. In whatever way the crocus may be planted, the leaves should never be cut off till they begin to wither, as without their assistance the plant cannot accumulate matter to form its new bulb for the ensuing season. The new bulb always forms above the old one; so that in four or five years they will have almost pushed themselves out of the ground; and from this habit of growth, crocuses are generally planted three or four inches deep. Crocuses, when in flower, are frequently destroyed by sparrows, which peck at them, and the bulbs are often eaten by mice. They ripen abundance of seed, but the seedlings do not flower till the third or fourth year.

Habranthus.

Bulbous-rooted plants, (some of which will thrive in the open ground, though others require a greenhouse, and others a stove,) the culture of which exactly resembles that of the amaryllis. The flowers are also similar, though very much smaller; and, as in the amaryllis, they are produced before the leaves. The habranthus appears to exemplify the doctrine of bulbs being underground stems; for we are told hat the bulbs of this species, though round when imported, after having been potted a year become gradually elongated. Plants of this genus are generally grown in a mixture of sandy loam and peat.

Erodium, or, the Wild Geranium.

The genus Erodium differs from Geranium and Pelargonium in the shape of its seed-vessel. In all the three, the seed-pod resembles the head and beak of a bird; in Geranium it resembles a crane's bill, in Pelargonium it is a stork's bill, and in Erodium a heron's bill. The Erodiums are dwarf annuals and perennials, with pretty flowers, only suitable for rockwork. The tender kinds are grown in a mixture of sandy loam and peat, and the hardy ones in any common garden soil; and they are increased by seeds, division of the roots, and cuttings.

Cotton Grass.

The very curious plants contained in this genus are natives of Great Britain. The commonest species, *E. angustifolia*, is by far the handsomest, and the tufts of long snow-white silky hairs, which envelope the seed, are so extremely ornamental, that the plant might be introduced advantageously in any marshy situation, or on the edge of a pond, etc.; as all the species will only grow in moist places.

The Witch Hazel.

A hardy shrub, a native of North America, which will grow freely in any soil that is not too rich, though it prefers a dry stony gravel. It has the peculiarity of flowering during winter, beginning to expand its rich deep yellow flowers just as its leaves are falling off, and dropping its flowers when its branches begin to be re-clothed with leaves in spring.

Hæmanthus.

Bulbous plants, with large red flowers of very singular appearance and no particular beauty. They are very coarse-growing, and take up a great deal of room. All the species require the heat of a greenhouse, and to be grown in sandy loam and peat; they should also have a season of complete rest.

Habenaria.

Hardy North American perennials, with tuberous roots and very curiously shaped flowers, which are generally yellow, but sometimes purple, and sometimes white. They grow best in a shady situation, and in a peat soil, kept rather moist than dry.

Gardoquia.

Half-shrubby dwarf plants, mostly natives of South America and Mexico; one species of which, commonly called the Scarlet Thyme, which is a native of South Carolina, is very handsome. It should be grown in sandy peat and loam, in well-drained pots, and the plants should be plentifully supplied with water while they are in a growing state. It is nearly hardy, only requiring protection from frost, and it will continue flowering for several months. By frequent re-potting and careful management, this plant may be greatly increased both in size and beauty; and it looks very well trained over a wire frame.

The Japan Day-lily.

Bulbous-rooted plants, that were formerly considered to belong to the genus Hemerocallis. They are natives of China and Japan, and are grown in the open air. *F. cærulea* is quite hardy, and will grow anywhere, but *F. alba* requires a warm, dry border, as do the newly-introduced species. They are all very ornamental, and some of them are fragrant.

The Housewife.

Jumbles.

One cup of butter, and two of sugar, beaten together; one cup of milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus stirred into the milk, and four eggs. Beat it well together, add spice of any kind, and six cups of flour; roll it rather thin; cut it with a tumbler and with a wineglass to form a ring; brush them over with the white of an egg, and sift on a very little fine white sugar before baking. Bake them fifteen or twenty minutes.

Hard Molasses Gingerbread.

One pint of molasses, half a pound of butter, one cup of sour milk, two tablespoonsful of soda, one cup of ginger, one tablespoonful of cloves, the rind of one lemon, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Butter the tin sheets; roll the cake on them, with fine brown sugar, as thin as possible, and bake very quickly.

Ginger Snaps.

Half a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar beat together, half a pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, two of soda, one cup of milk, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll it about quarter of an inch thick; cut with a small wineglass, and bake them hard.

Soft Gingerbread.

Two cups of white sugar, one of butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonsful cream tartar, one of soda, flour enough to make it as stiff as pound cake, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Bake in shallow pans one hour and a quarter.

Seed Cake.

One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it very thin, with sugar instead of flour on the board, and cut it in rounds. Bake it about fifteen minutes.

Indian Meal Gruel.

Boil a pint of water in a saucepan; mix two spoonsful of Indian meal in a little cold water, and stir into the boiling water; season it with salt, and boil fifteen minutes; stir it frequently. Sometimes add a cup of milk, or a glass of white wine, a little sugar, and a little nutmeg. Oatmeal gruel is made the same way, except it must be boiled twenty minutes.

Beef Tea.

Cut in small pieces a pound or more of beef, depending upon how much tea you wish to make; put the beef into a pitcher, or any earthen vessel, covered tight. To a pound of beef add a little salt and a pint of cold water; let it steep two hours. You will have half a pint of tea; set it to cool a long while, to get off all the fat.

To boil Tapioca and Sago.

Soak a cupful in cold water one or two hours; then wash it out; put it into a saucepan with one quart of water; let it boil until the water is absorbed; add a little salt.

Milk Porridge.

Take half a pint of boiling water; mix a large spoonful of flour in a little cold water, stir it into the water while it is boiling, and let it boil fifteen minutes; then add a teacupful of milk, a little salt, and give it one boil.

A very strengthening Drink.

Beat the yolk of a fresh egg with a little sugar; add a very little brandy; beat the white to a strong froth, stir it into the yolk; fill up the tumbler with new milk, and grate in a little nutmeg.

Chicken Tea.

Cut up a fowl in small pieces, taking off the skin; put it into an earthen vessel, with some salt and three pints of water; let it boil three hours; strain it; set it to cool six or eight hours; then take off the fat. The tea will be like a jelly.

Stewed Pears.

Take large honeyed pears, and peel, core and quarter them. Take two quarts of the pears, a pint-bowl of sugar, a pint of water, and put all this into a preserving-kettle or saucepan. Cover it tight, and stew gently one hour.

Chicken Broth.

Cut up a chicken; put it into an iron pot with two quarts of water, one onion, two tablespoonsful of rice, a little salt, and boil it two hours; then strain it through a sieve. This will make one quart.

Beef and Mutton.

Four pounds of beef lose one pound by boiling, and a pound and five ounces by roasting, and one pound three ounces by baking. Four pounds of mutton lose fourteen ounces by boiling, and one pound six ounces by roasting, and one pound four ounces by baking.

Mutton Chops.

Cut the saddle of mutton, separating each bone; trim off the thin fat; rub them over with yolk of egg and bread crumbs; broil or fry them. Serve with gravy as for other chops.

Mutton Broth.

A small scrag of mutton boiled two or three hours in two quarts of water, with a little rice, an onion, and a little salt.

To make Toast-Water.

Toast some slices of bread quite brown, put them in a pitcher, and pour on them boiling water, and let it steep.

Smoked Tongue.

Smoked tongue should be laid in cold water over night; then put into cold water, and boiled four hours.

Sugar Gingerbread.

Three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a little rosewater, half a cup of yellow ginger, and one pound of flour. Bake it thin.

Curious Matters.

A remarkable Story.

An incident is just now being discussed in military circles, so extraordinary that, were not the truth capable of being vouched for by official authority, the narration would be deemed absolutely incredible. The Liverpool Post relates it as follows: Our officers quartered at the Cape between fifteen and twenty years ago, may remember a certain Dr. Barry, attached to the medical staff there, and enjoying the reputation for considerable skill in his profession, especially for firmness, decision, and rapidity in difficult operations. He was clever and agreeable, save for the drawback of a most quarrelsome temper, and an inordinate addiction to argument, which perpetually brought the former peculiarly to play. He was excessively plain, of feeble proportions, and labored under the imperfection of a ludicrously squeaking voice. Any natural "chaffing" with regard to these, however, especially roused his ire, but was at length discontinued on his "calling out" a persevering offender, and shooting him through the lungs. About 1840 he became promoted to be medical inspector, and was transferred to Malta.

There he was equally distinguished by his skill and by his pugnacious propensities, the latter becoming so inconveniently developed upon the slightest difference of opinion with him, that at last no notice was allowed to be taken of his fits of temper. He proceeded from Malta to Corfu, where he was quartered for many years, still conspicuous for the same peculiarities. When our government ceded the Ionian Islands to Greece, and our troops, of course quitted the territory, Dr. Barry was elected to leave the army and take up his residence for the rest of his days at Corfu. He there died a short time ago, and upon his death was discovered to be a woman! By investigation, not only was the discovery placed beyond a doubt, but it was equally beyond a doubt brought to light that the individual in question had, at some time or another, been a mother! This is all that is as yet known of this extraordinary story.

Soda Water—Its History.

We will venture to say that very few of our readers who frequent the soda fountains know the manner in which the beverage is made. Soda water is simply pure water impregnated with carbonic acid gas. It is known by its agreeable, pungent taste, by its slightly exhilarating qualities, and its bubbling and scintillation. The water to be impregnated with the gas is placed in a strong vessel, usually made of iron or copper, called a fountain. The gas, after being passed through water to purify it, is conducted to the fountain, and after sufficient agitation in contact with the gas, at a high pressure, the water becomes impregnable, and is then what is known as soda water. The first experiments were made by Venal, in France, 1750, and published in 1776; by Priestly, in 1796; and later by Bergman, Black, Van Helmot and others. The first manufactory in the world was established at Geneva, by Goss, an apothecary of that city, whose annual sales amounted to 40,000 bottles of "Eau de Selts." In 1790, his partner, Mr. Paul, founded an establishment in Paris, where were compounded not only the principal mineral waters of France, but even those of foreign countries. From this time onward, laboratories multiplied all over Europe, and the manufacture of simple agrated water is now conducted on so large a scale in all civilized countries that a very large amount of inventive talent has been successfully employed in improving the necessary apparatus.

The Electric Light at Sea.

Some interesting experiments have just been made at L'Orient, on board the Coligny, the object of which is to utilise the electric light at sea. By means of a submarine reflector, the water was illuminated to a great depth, so that it was possible to look down from the deck and see the fish, attracted by the light, swimming round the lamp as if in an aquarium. A kind of diving-bell, with a large glass eye in one side, and arranged to supply air to a diver, was also let down to a depth of thirty-eight fathoms. By means of this apparatus, it will be easy to inspect submarine constructions, to fish coral, etc., and recover wrecked property. Signals were likewise exchanged, by means of the electric light, between the Coligny and the semaphore of Belle-Isle. These different applications of the electric light were made, in presence of a military commission, by the inventor, M. Basin, civil engineer, of Angers, and were found to give satisfactory results.

A singular Dream verified.

While the plague was at its height at Alexandria, a Mahomedan merchant dreamed that eleven persons would die of the plague at his house! When he awoke he remembered the dream; and there being exactly eleven persons in his house, himself included, he became very uneasy. His alarm increased, when on the following day his wife, two female slaves, and three children died; but he became quite certain that his death was at hand, when, on the fourth, his two remaining children, a woman servant, and an old man servant sunk into the grave. He accordingly made his preparations to pass into eternity—related his dream to some of his friends, and begged them to make inquiry every morning, and, in case he should be dead, to have him buried with the usual solemnities. A cunning thief, who had heard the circumstance, took advantage of the merchant's fright to open his door in the night, and when the terrified man called out, "Who's there?" to answer, "I am the Angel of Death," in order, while the merchant concealed himself underneath the bedclothes, and was quite beside himself, to pack up what effects he found in the house and carry them away. Unluckily for him, he was seized with the plague and died on the stairs. The merchant, however, did not venture for many hours to put his head from under the bedclothes, till at length his friends came, heard from him what had happened, found the effects, recognised the thief, discovered the truth, and confirmed the strange accomplishment of the dream.

Facts and Fancies.

TRICKING A SCOTCHMAN.

A correspondent who has recently visited a gentleman who is fond of tricks on travellers, relates how a Scotchman was served the first night he stopped at the house:

The Scotchman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to everything to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand full or empty for one minute. The potations were suspended not until, and only while the cloth was laying for supper, during and after which, they were resumed with renovated energy. Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison; the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than upon any other vessel in the house. It was not so with this Scotch guest, who was by this time much further advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than "half seas over."

In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine lofty Gothic apartment, with a bedstead that seemed coeval with the building. I say seemed, for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with its four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than about two feet from the floor, the better to enable the party to get into it. The Scotchman, with a good deal of assistance, was soon undressed, and had his body deposited in this place of repose. All the party then retired, wishing him a good-night, and removing the candle for fear of accidents.

When the door was closed, I was for the first time made acquainted with the structure of the bedstead, which our host considered as his masterpiece. Upon the touching of a spring, outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley, that it ascended slowly and smoothly through the four posts, until it came within two or three feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Scotchman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was soon at the proper altitude.

The servants required no instructions how to act. In one moment the house was in an uproar; cries of "fire! fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where poor Sawney slept. The landlord's voice was continually heard, exclaiming:

"Good heavens! save the poor Scotch gentleman, if possible; the flames have got into the room just under him!"

At this moment, we heard him fall, and bellow out. A sudden silence took place—every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Scotchman's voice could alone be heard, roaring out, in the high dialect of his country, for assistance.

At length, two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning, as if just aroused from their first sleep. They found him sprawling on the floor.

"O dear, sir; what is the matter with you?"

"Matter!" says he; "why, isn't the house on fire?"

"Not at all, sir."

"What was the reason of the cries of fire, then?"

"Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming; why, there's not so much as a mouse stirring, and his honor and the whole family have been asleep these three hours."

The Scotchman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses.

"I must ha' been dreaming, indeed, and ha' hurt myself by falling out of the bed."

"Hurt yourself, sir!—not much, I hope, the bed is so low;" and by this time it had been made to descend to its first level.

The poor Scot was quite confused; quite ashamed at disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons; accompanied the servants to the door, closed it after them, and was once more left in the dark.

But the last act of the pantomime was not performed. The spring had been immediately touched upon closing the door; and the bed was soon beyond the reach of our guest. We could hear him groping about, and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment.

He easily found the bed-posts, but it was in vain he could endeavor to get in. He moved his hands up and down. His leg was often lifted by way of stepping in, but always encountered the floor upon its descent. He uttered exclamations of surprise not loud but deep, for fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in the possession of some evil spirit.

In short, when it was found, by his silence, that he had given up the task as hopeless, and had disposed of himself upon one of the chairs, the bed was allowed to slide down again, and in the morning Sawney could not but express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark. For a long time he did not understand the trick that had been played on him.

A THINKING YANKEE.

When the prospect of forming a large manufacturing town on the Merrimac river was in contemplation, some of the persons concerned sent up Mr. B——, a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privileges carefully, and to make inquiry as to the price of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog, gun and fishing-tackle, and obtained board at a farmer's house—a Mr. F.,—and spent his time in viewing the falls, and the river, and grounds, with occasional fowling and fishing. After remaining some time there, in talking with the farmer one evening, he told him that he liked the place very well, and thought that he should be pleased to come and live there. The man said he should be pleased to have him.

"Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?"

"Why, I don't want to sell it, Mr. B., nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied here, and don't want to move."

"Well, what do you say it is worth. Mr. F.?"

"Why it is worth $1500, and I wont sell it for less than $3000."

"That is too much," said B., "I can't give that."

"Very well, you need not."

Here the conversation ended. Mr. B. continued his sporting, and having received his instructions in the course of a few days, renewed his talk with Mr. F., and said to him, "Well, Mr. F., I have made up my mind that I should like to live here very well, and though you ask so much, I will take up with your offer, and give you $3000."

"Why, as to that, Mr. B., you did not take my farm when I offered it to you, and I am not willing to sell it now for anything less than $6000."

"You are joking, Mr. F."

"Not so, Mr. B., I am in earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more than twenty-four hours."

B. finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him $6000. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards, Mr. B. asked the farmer what reason he had, in the course of a few days, to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it.

"Why, Mr. B., I will tell you. A day or two after I offered you the farm for $3000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac river, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time. Then they returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I determined, if you asked me again to sell my farm, I would demand double the price."

Thus began the purchase of land upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.

A COOL STUDENT.

Some years ago a student who belonged in Philadelphia, found himself in Baltimore without a cent in his pocket. Nevertheless he put up at a first class hotel, where, after tarrying a day or two, he finally at the heel of a grand dinner, "*omne solus*," in the private apartment, franked with abundant Champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant, he said, "Ask the landlord to step up to my room and bring his bill."

He clattered down stairs laughing, and shortly after his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me, says the student, hope for 'the best his house afforded," and that, just then, was credit.

"How much do I owe you?" said I.

He handed me the bill with all the grace of a private secretary.

"Let me see—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable. But, my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of the matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that at present I am out of money; and I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see my not having the change by me, is the reason I cannot do it, and I am sure you will let the matter stand and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact, but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me as easy as can be."

The landlord turned all colors.

"Where do you live, and how?"

"In Washing—I should say, Philadelphia."

His eyes flashed with angry disappointment.

"I see how it is, mister; my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is, you begin with Washington and then drop it for Philadelphia. You must pay your bill."

"But I can't."

"Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't, blow me tight."

"Scoundrel," said I, rising bolt upright, "do it, if you dare, and leave the rest to me."

There were no more words. He arose deliberately, seized my hat and my only inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that two excitements can't exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I rose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy *sans culottes* in a strange city; no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me.

I had a large, full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately, drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my cravat, vest and coat, laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by the shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded some name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Everything was fresh and neat, every servant attentive, all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a cigar, and retired to bed to mature my plot.

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow," said I, in the morning, as he entered my room; "mind the pantaloons; don't spill anything from the pockets, there is money in both."

"I don't see no pantaloons."

"The devil you don't. Where are they?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know, s'elp me God."

"Go down, sir, and tell your master to come here immediately."

The publican was with me in a moment. I had arisen and worked my face before the mirror into a fiendish look of passion.

"Landlord!" exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture. "I have been robbed in your house; robbed, sir, robbed. My pantaloons and a purse containing three fifty dollar notes are gone. This is a pretty hotel. Is this the way you fulfil the injunctions of scripture? I am a stranger, and have been taken in with a vengeance. I will expose you at once if I am not recompensed."

"Pray keep your temper," replied the publican. "I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run; would you ruin its reputation by an accident? I will find out the villain who robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garments. Your money shall be refunded. Do you see that your anger is useless?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trowsers can be done to-day, I shall be satisfied; time is more precious than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one

hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, the contents are yours."

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my pocket, I called upon my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it with a lecture on collegiate dissipation, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's the first publican, and got my trunk by mail, and thus endeth my first and last streak.

WASHING FOR UNCLE SAM.

A day or two since an unsophisticated darky waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of $115, for washing at the camp hospital; which after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiophia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity:

"This bill," said the gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the quartermaster general at Washington, and he will report to the adjutant general, who will lay it before the secretary of war for his approval. The adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the auditor of state, who will approve of it and send it to the secretary of the treasury, who will at once despatch an order to the collector of this port to pay the bill."

The darky relieved himself of a long drawn sigh.

"Then, massa," he remarked, "dat last gentleman you spoke of pays de washing, does he?"

"No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the quartermaster; but as there is no such officer here at present, some proper person must be appointed by the secretary of war under direction of the president, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission cannot be issued until after it meets. When this commission is received, the quartermaster will show it to the collector, and demand the funds. You will then call upon him, he will examine your bill, and if correct, he will pay it, you giving your receipt."

The unfortunate negro first scratched his head and then shook it, and finally said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shua!"

YANKEE TRADING.

A certain farmer who in the course of a year, purchased a hundred dollars worth of goods (and always paid for them), called at the store of a village merchant—his regular place of dealing—with two dozen brooms, which he offered for sale. The merchant (who, by the way, is fond of a good bargain,) examined his stock, and said:

"Well, Cyrus, I will give you a shilling apiece for these brooms."

Cyrus appeared astonished at the offer, and quickly replied:

"O no, John, I can't begin to take that for 'em, no how; but I'll let you have 'em for twenty cents apiece and not a cent less."

"Cyrus, you are crazy," replied John. "Why, see here," showing a fine lot of brooms, "is an article a great deal better than yours" (which was true) "that I am retailing at twelve and a half cents apiece," (which was not true by seven and a half cents).

"Don't care for that," answered Cyrus; "your brooms are cheap enough, but you can't have mine for less than twenty cents, no how!" and pretending to be more than half angry, shouldered his brooms and started for the door.

The merchant, getting a little nervous over the probable loss of a good customer, and fearing he might go to another store and never return, said:

"See here, Cyrus, hold on awhile. If I give you twenty cents for your brooms, I suppose you will not object to take the price of them in goods?"

"No, don't care of I do," replied Cyrus.

"Well, then," said the merchant, "as you are an old customer, I will allow you twenty cents apiece for this lot. Let me see—twenty times twenty-four make just four hundred and eighty—yes, four dollars and eighty cents. What kind of goods will you have, Cyrus?"

"Well, now, John, I reckon it don't make any difference to you what sort of goods I take, does it?"

"O no, not at all—not at all!" said the merchant.

"Well, then, as it don't make no difference to you, I will take the amount in them 'ere brooms of yourn at twelve and a half cents apiece! Let me see—four dollars and eighty cents will get thirty-eight brooms and five cents over. It don't make much difference, John, about the five cents, but as you are a right clever feller I believe I will just take the change in terbacker."

When Cyrus went out of the door with his brooms and "terbacker," John was seized with a serious breaking out at the mouth, during which time he was distinctly heard to violate the third commandment several times, by the bystanders, who enjoyed the joke hugely.

VAT YOU CALL DEM?

——"Vat you call dem tings vit long bills zat fly and make a noise, b z-z-z?" said a Frenchman the other day.

"Woodcock," we replied.

"Eh bien? I kil zis morning, before mine breakfast, twenty-five woodcock."

"The deuce you did! Where did you find them?"

"In mine chamber bed."

"Twenty-five woodcock in your bed-chamber! You must mean musquitoes."

"Eh, bien, zen. I kill twenty-five musquitoes."

SOUL-HARROWING.

"What a soul-harrowing thing that steamboat explosion was!" exclaimed a lady, who had just been reading an account of a recent blow-up. "I know a more *sole*-harrowing thing than that," responded a gentleman, who was limping past.—"What can it be?" asked the lady, in surprise.—"*Pegs in your boots!*" snarled the gentleman, as he limped away.

LITERARY NOTE.—In what form did Burns address his departed Mary?—In a polygon (Polly gone), we presume.

"Do you play by the *ear*?" inquired a pupil, of a dancing-school fiddler. "No, my dear, I play by the *night*."

Courting and Marrying under Difficulties.

THE INTRODUCTION.—Impish brother of the young lady makes preparations for a little fun on his own account.

GRAND TABLEAUX—The result of pinning a coat-tail to a table-cloth.

AN ENGAGING SCENE.—Imp of a brother, in an encouraging tone. "Pile it on, old feller! Don't mind me! She likes it, I know she does."

The result of inviting an impish brother to accompany an "engaged" party on a shopping expedition.

THE WEDDING.—Impish brother determines to astonish his friends, and succeeds by the aid of a bunch of fire-crackers.

ONE YEAR AFTER THE WEDDING.—Impish brother, tending his sister's first-born, "Let him drop, sis? No, I guess I wont let him drop! I want him to grow up, so I can teach him how to smoke a meerschaum, and plague his sisters."